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THE

THIRD-CLASS READER.

DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF THE YOUNGER CLASSES

IN THE

SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY B. D. EMERSON,

Late Principal of the Adams Grammar School, Boston.

PHILADELPHIA:

HOGAN AND THOMPSON,

No. 30, NORTH FOURTH STREET.

1838.

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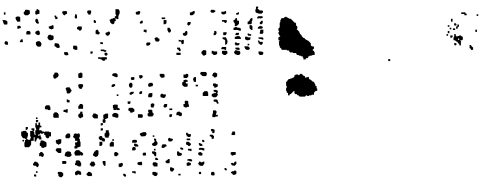

STEREOTYPED BY L. JOHNSON,
PHILADELPHIA.

PREFACE.

THIS little book, although the last of the series in the order of publication, is destined to be the first used in the course of teaching. It being designed for the younger class of pupils in our common schools, the compiler has striven to make it both interesting and instructive to them. For the materials of which it is composed, he is chiefly indebted to the works of certain writers, whose style will be at once recognised, and who have long been celebrated for their success in the difficult art of addressing themselves clearly and intelligibly to children. There are also many pieces from more recent writers, and a few of the lessons were originally written for this work.

It has been the constant aim of the compiler, to unite the beautiful with the useful in his selections for reading; and in the present work he has given as great a variety of subjects as the number of lessons would allow, and has endeavored to condense as much useful information in each, as its length, and the requisite simplicity and clearness of style, would permit.

If any thing, not entirely familiar to children, has through inadvertency, not been sufficiently explain

he trusts that his brethren and coadjutors in the business of education, will remedy the deficiency by oral explanations to their classes.

The compiler would do injustice to his own feelings, if, in closing this series of Readers, he should forbear to express his lively gratitude to those friends who have aided, and the public who have encouraged, his labors in the promotion of general education; and his hope and trust is that this great cause may continue to advance under the auspices of Him, who guides the progress of intelligence and virtue.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE system of interrogation and explanation presented in the First-Class Reader and Second-Class Reader, is considered peculiarly appropriate for the present volume. Very young children need the assistance and encouragement which such a system supplies, even more than those who are farther advanced in knowledge; and whatever a teacher can do in the way of oral instruction produces, for them, a much more abundant harvest of improvement and satisfaction.

We have therefore thought proper to present a more extended and detailed specimen of the mode of examination and illustration, which we would recommend in the use of this volume, than was thought necessary in those which preceded it. It is believed that there is no piece in the book which does not afford some useful information or pleasing moral; nor any which is above the comprehension of a child. But it is quite certain that the interest which the child may feel in the lesson, may be indefinitely heightened by a judicious use of the system which we propose. With the exercise of reading, oral explanations should always be offered of the different words, phrases, and allusions, not quite familiar to the child, *which even the* simplest narrative or the most *artless verse may* contain; and whenever a fact, principle, or moral application suggested by the text, and

likely to interest the young reader, may occur t
teacher, he will do well to communicate it.
lively interest thus excited in the reading exe
will fully repay the trifling loss of time, and will
a lasting impression on the opening mind.

When the exercise is finished, a few question
easy solution will give a fresh impulse to reflec
and a new incentive to exertion. The teacher sl
begin with those which can hardly be missed;
should proceed to others which require a little
thought and study, always increasing his requisi
with the increased capability of his class.

A few cuts have been inserted in the volume,
merely to gratify the eye, but to exercise the po
of observation and comparison; and it is believed
no intelligent teacher will deem it entirely unim
tant, to question the children respecting the mea
and effect of these humble, but not useless, illu
tions. Whatever may profitably exercise the po
of attention and discrimination, should claim the
tice of all who are desirous to render education
tical and thorough.

The first specimen which we here present is t
from a work of Mrs. Trimmer, and is, perhap
simple as it may be necessary to use. For the se
specimen, as well as for the questions which ac
pany it, we are indebted to the same excellent w
The third specimen of questions relates to one c
illustrated articles in the volume, and is introduc
the purpose of exemplifying the proposed meth
examination respecting the illustrations.

FIRST SPECIMEN FOR EXAMINATION.

Story of the Tame Bird.

HARLES JONES found a poor young bird on the cold ground,
ook it home to Ann. Here, my dear, said he, take this
d and put it in a cage; it will be a nice bird in time, and
you all day.
ut where did you get it, Charles? said she. If you took
t I shall not thank you for your pains; for I do not like
oor birds of their house and their bed, which they made
: young ones to lie warm in. Charles told her he found
.
or thing, said Ann, some bad boy took you out of your
lare say, or, may be, you got upon the edge of it and fell
Well, I must take care of you now. But I do not know
make a nest, or else I would make you one; but you
ve some nice warm wool; and you shall have food too,
ou want it; so do not cry, poor bird; it makes my heart
hear you cry. I will be as kind to you as your parent
e.
nn was as kind as she said she would be, and brought up
ng bird till he could hop and fly; and he was so tame, he
op out of his cage, and would peck out of her hand if
but call, Dick, Dick.
t last Dick flew out of doors, and all the wild birds got
im; for they do not like tame birds. So Dick got up
igh tree to hide in the thick boughs, but the wild birds
ve him from thence. Then he found a hole in the wall,
e was in hopes he should lie quite snug; but there a rat
to have caught him.
t last dark night came on and he had no food. So, as
the day came, and it was light, he flew back to Ann, and
d to live in her cage all the rest of his days.

QUESTIONS.

at is this story, which you have just read, about?
found the bird? Where did he find it?
did he do with it? What did he ask Ann to
it when he had got it home? What did

Ann say to Charles about robbing birds'-nests? Was not she a very good-natured, humane girl? How did Charles tell her he had got the bird? How did she suppose the bird came to be on the ground? How did she treat the bird? What did she give it instead of a nest? Did the bird grow tame? What did he do when he had become tame? Do wild birds do so? What did Ann call the bird? What did Dick do at last? How did the wild birds treat him? Do they not like tame birds? Where did Dick hide? Did the wild birds drive him out of the thick boughs of the high tree? Where did he hide then? What creature had like to have caught him? What did he do in the morning? Where did he live all the rest of his life? Now tell the story yourself from beginning to end. Do you like Ann Jones? Why?

SECOND SPECIMEN FOR EXAMINATION.

The Body and the Soul.

1. Every person has a body and a soul. You have a body and a soul: the body is that part of you which can be seen and felt; your soul is that part of you which cannot be seen, but which thinks.

2. The soul cannot be seen, because it is a spirit. To die is to have the soul leave the body.

3. When the soul leaves the body, the body loses its life, it is a dead corpse; it is buried, its flesh turns to corruption, and its bones moulder away, till there is none of the body to be seen; but the soul still lives; so that there is not an end of us when *we die; the better* part remains alive.

QUESTIONS.

Has every person a body and a soul? Hav you a body and a soul? Which part of you ca be seen, your body or your soul? Which of thes thinks? Why cannot the soul be seen? Don you find that there is something in you which yo cannot see, but which thinks? What is this Which dies, the body or the soul? What doe the body lose when the soul goes out of it? Wh is done with it then? What does the flesh of th body turn to? Do these things happen to the soul Does that turn to corruption and moulder away? there an end of us when we die? Which part r mains alive after the other? Which is the bett part, the body that dies, or the soul that never dies?

QUESTIONS ON LESSON SIXTIETH.

The Countryman and the Snake.

What is this story about? What sort of a ma was that mentioned in the story? Was he kind the cats and dogs and other animals? Were the fond of him? May we make a mistake sometime even in doing an act of kindness? What did th good-natured man find one cold day? What di he do with the adder? Why did he put it in h bosom? What did he do with the adder when h got it home? What did his children do? Whe *he got warm, how* did the snake behave? H *did the children* behave? How did the poor *treat the snake?* What did the poor man

from this? Is it common for animals to be ungrateful for kindness?

Now tell me about the picture. What is it a picture of? Does it represent a place out of doors or in the house? Does it seem to be in the parlor or the kitchen? What objects do you see which make it appear to be a kitchen? Where is the snake? What is the man going to do? Who are the folks in the corner? Do they look frightened? What has frightened them? What is it which they have upset in their flight? See, now, how many different things you can point out in this picture.

THE

THIRD-CLASS READER.

I. Lesson First.—*The New Reading Book.*

1. Here is a new book for very young scholars to read. It is called the Third-Class Reader. It has been made very carefully, by those who are fond of children, on purpose to make them love reading and study.

2. It contains many stories and pieces of poetry, such as children can understand, and some pictures to entertain them, and make the stories plainer and more pleasant.

3. Now it is to be hoped, children, that every one of you who has one of these books to read in, will take pains to do it well. For this purpose, you must take a great deal of pains to understand every thing you read.

4. When you come to a hard word, you must ask your teacher to instruct you, exactly, how to pronounce it, and what it means. And you must try to remember whatever he tells you, about the meaning and sound of the words.

5. When children are reading, they are apt to do it in a stiff and unnatural manner. Now, to avoid *this, you must* study the lesson carefully, so as to understand the whole of it perfectly, before you come *p to read in* your class.

6. Then, when you read it aloud, suppose yourself to be telling it to your master, just as you would tell him any story. If you will do this, you will not only become a natural and spirited reader, but you will always read with pleasure and improvement.

II. Lesson Second.—*The New Coat.*

1. There was once a boy who was fond of fine clothes. His name was Charles. He was a dunce at school; for he thought, as he was well dressed, there was no need for him to attend to books.

2. He would tell the boys that he should be rich when he grew up to be a man, and that every body was fond of those who were rich.

3. One day he went to pay a visit, and he had on a new blue coat and a handsome hat. The lady of the house gave him a chair, and sent him some jellies, biscuits, and wine; but he had no one to talk with, and he felt quite dull, and he thought some one ought to praise his new coat; but not a word was said of it.

4. At last there came in a boy whose clothes were coarse and plain, though quite clean; and the lady of the house took hold of this ill-dressed boy's hand, gave him a kiss, and made him talk to her a long time.

5. The rest of the ladies then spoke to him: one said, "How do you do to-day, Edward? Pray when will you come to my house to play with my son?"—"You must come and see me too," said the next lady, "for I am told you are one of the best of boys."

6. Then a third lady said, she had heard how well he could draw, and that when he came to see her, she would show him some fine prints, and give him

a box of paints: and so it went on, all round the room, each guest had a kind word to say to Edward.

7. Now Charles thought it strange, that a boy, with old clothes on, should please more than he did who was so well dressed.

8. But the reason was this:—Edward had much sense, he read good books, he could write, he could draw, he could cipher, while dunce Charles could scarcely read half a page of a book through.

9. He now found out, that fine clothes will not win regard, and that a wise head will please more than a new coat.

III. Lesson Third.—*The Good Boy.*

1. The good boy loves his parents very dearly. He always minds what they say to him, and tries to please them. If they desire him not to do a thing, he does it not: if they desire him to do a thing, he does it.

2. When they deny him what he wants, he does not grumble, or pout out his lips, or look angry: but he thinks, that his parents know what is proper for him better than he does, because they are wiser than he is.

3. He loves his teachers, and all who tell him what is good. He likes to read, and to write, and to learn something fresh every day. He hopes that if he lives to be a man, he shall know a great many things, and be very wise and good.

4. He is kind to his brothers and sisters, and all his little play-fellows. He never fights, nor quarrels with them, nor calls them names. When he sees them *do wrong*, he is sorry, and tries to persuade *them to do better.*

5. *He does* not speak rudely to any body.

sees any persons who are lame, or crooked, or very old, he does not laugh at them, nor mock them; but he is glad when he can do them any service.

6. He is kind even to dumb creatures: for he knows that though they cannot speak, they can feel as well as we. Even those animals which he does not think pretty, he takes care not to hurt.

7. He likes very much to see the birds pick up bits of hay, and moss, and wool, to build their nests with; and he likes to see the hen sitting on her nest, or feeding her young ones; and to see the little birds in their nest, and hear them chirp.

8. Sometimes he looks about in the bushes, and in the trees, and amongst the strawberry plants, to find nests: but when he has found them, he only just peeps at them; he would rather not see the little birds, than frighten them, or do them any harm.

9. He never takes any thing that does not belong to him, or meddles with it without leave. When he walks in his father's garden, he does not pull flowers, or gather fruit, unless he is told that he may do so. The apples that are fallen on the ground he picks up, and carries to his mother.

10. He never tells a lie. If he has done any mischief, he confesses it, and says he is very sorry, and will try to do so no more: and nobody can be angry with him.

11. When he lies down at night, he tries to remember all he has been doing and learning in the day. If he has done wrong, he is sorry, and hopes he shall do so no more; and that God, who is so good will love and bless him.—He loves to pray to God and to hear and read about him; and to go with his parents and friends to worship God.

12. *Every body* that knows this good boy *loves him, and speaks* well of him, and is kind to him, *and he is very* happy.

IV. Lesson Fourth.—*The Goat and the Fox.*

1. I have one thing to mention to you for fear of mistakes. Beasts and birds do not talk English; but they have a way of talking that they understand among one another, better than we understand them; and you, if you attend to your dog, or your cat, or your horse, may generally make out what he wants from his voice or his look.

2. I am going sometimes to tell you what an animal says; that is, I am going to put his meaning into English words.

3. But let me say one thing more. It is not always necessary that a story should be true. Some stories are true, and some are invented; and, if they are very prettily invented, we are much obliged to the people that made them.

4. A lie is what naughty folks say, that they may deceive. But if I tell a pretty story of a dog and a fox, or any other animals, I do not mean to deceive: I only mean to tell a pretty story. Now then I beg

5. One day a goat was deeply engaged in a dispute with a crafty fox; and they both were very sure they were right.

6. Of course they were both very bold and positive in their language, till at last the goat, to show how firmly he believed himself in the right, laid the wager of his beard against the fox.

7. When, at last, the matter came to be decided, it was clearly proved that the poor goat had lost his wager; and although the fox had neither law nor power, on his part, to enforce the payment, yet the honesty of the goat, would not suffer him to take any unfair advantage.

8. Rather than break his word of honor, he submitted to the lesser disgrace of losing his beard. So he patiently let his chin be shaved by a dexterous monkey, and gave it up as a forfeit to the unmerciful fox.

9. It is a very foolish thing to lay wagers. You cannot gain any thing by it, unless your playmate loses. And if he loses, you take away something from him, and give him nothing in return for it.

10. On the other hand, if you lose, you feel very silly when you come to give up your opinion and your money too. So, let me advise all my young readers, whenever they are challenged to lay a wager, to reply to the challenge, "Oh, no! you will not catch me in any such gambling; I remember the fable of the poor goat, who laid his beard for a wager, and lost it."

V. Lesson Fifth.—*The Cruel Boy.*

1. There was a naughty boy: I do not know what his name was, but it was not Charles, nor George, nor Arthur, for those are all very pretty names: b there was a robin came in at his window one ve

cold morning—shiver—shiver; and its poor little heart was almost frozen to death.

2. And he would not give it the least little crumb of bread in the world, but pulled it about by the tail, and hurt it sadly, and it died.

3. Now, a little while after, the naughty boy's papa and mamma went away and left him, and then he could get no victuals at all, for you know he could not take care of himself.

4. So he went about to every body—"Pray give me something to eat, I am very hungry." And every body said, "No, we shall give you none, for we do not love cruel, naughty boys."

5. So he went about from one place to another, till at last he got into a thick wood of trees; for he did not know how to find his way to any place he knew; and then it grew dark, quite dark night.

6. So he sat down and cried sadly; and he could not get out of the wood; and I believe he would have died, if his cries had not been heard by a poor man who was passing that way, and who was so kind as to take him home to his own house.

7. So that if the poor man had been as cruel to him, as he was to the robin, the naughty boy must have died in the wood.

VI. Lesson Sixth.—*The Idle Boy reformed.*

1. There was a little boy; he was not a big boy, for if he had been a big boy, I suppose he would have been wiser; but this was a little boy, not higher than the table, and his papa and mamma sent him to school.

2. *It was a very* pleasant morning; the sun shone, *and the birds sung* on the trees.

3. *Now this little* boy did not much love his book

for he was but a silly little boy, as I told you; and he had a great mind to play, instead of going to school.

4. And he saw a bee flying about, first upon one flower, and then upon another; so he said, "Pretty bee! will you come and play with me?" But the bee said, "No, I must not be idle, I must go and gather honey."

5. Then the little boy met a dog, and he said, "Dog! will you play with me?" But the dog said, "No, I must not be idle, I am going to catch a hare for my master's dinner, I must make haste and catch it."

6. Then the little boy went by a hay-rick, and he saw a bird pulling some hay out of the hay-rick. and he said, "Bird! will you come and play with me?" But the bird said, "No, I must not be idle, I must get some hay to build my nest with, and some moss, and some wool." So the bird flew away.

7. Then the little boy saw a horse, and he said, "Horse! will you play with me?" But the horse said, "No, I must not be idle, I must go and plough, or else there will be no corn to make bread of."

8. Then the little boy thought with himself, what, is nobody idle? then little boys must not be idle neither. So he made haste, and went to school and learned his lesson very well, and the master sai he was a very good boy.

VII. Lesson Seventh.—*The Traveller and his Do*

1. A dog is a very good creature, he loves his m
ter dearly, and remembers him a long while, even
he has not seen him for a great many. many year
I wish all little boys loved one another as well a
s his master.—I will tell you a story abou

2. A great while ago there was a man called Ulysses, he lived in a little island called Ithaca; he was king of the island.

3. He had a dog whose name was *Argus;* he was very fond of this dog, and used to take him out with him when he went abroad.

4. And Argus used to scour over the fields after any thing he saw, and gallop back again to his master swifter than a race-horse; and if his master only said "Poor fellow!" and patted his head, he would be quite happy, and frisk and bound about him all day long; and he was well fed and taken great care of.

5. But Ulysses went abroad to fight battles with his enemies, and he was ten years at war, and he was ten years more in getting home to his dear Ithaca, for he met with a great many strange adventures by the way.

6. Ten and ten, you know, make twenty, so he had been twenty years away. And when he came to Ithaca, he found that some bad people had taken possession of his palace, and he was afraid they would kill him.

7. So he disguised himself like a poor beggar-man, and walked up to the gate with his stick in his hand.

8. Argus was lying in the sun upon a little straw.

9. He was grown very old now, and could not frolic and bound as he used to do, and nobody had taken good care of him, so that he was very weak, and could hardly raise himself from his straw.

10. However, he pricked up his ears at the sound of a footstep, and seeing a ragged fellow, coming up to the gate, was going to bark; but as Ulysses came nearer, he recollected his step, and looked up in his face and *knew his old* master, though nobody else knew *him.*

11. *Then* poor Argus roused himself, and ju

ade shift to crawl towards him, and wagged his ail, and gazed joyfully in the face of Ulysses, and icked his hands, and then being quite weak and worn out, fell down and died at his feet.

VIII. Lesson Eighth.—*The Lazy Man.*

1. There was once a man who was very poor, and what was a great deal worse, he was also very lazy. Instead of exerting himself to earn an honest living, he was always complaining of his hard lot, in being obliged to labor for his own support.

2. One day it happened that he was overheard by a rich man to say, that if he could only live without work, he should be perfectly contented; and that nothing should ever disturb his happiness.

3. The rich man told him that he should have his wish; that he should live wholly at his ease; and should have every thing necessary for his support and comfort, without labor or care.

4. The lazy man, we may be sure, was glad enough to accept this generous offer. He was taken to the rich man's house, and orders were given that there should be provided for him, every day, a grea variety of nice dishes; and for a time, he passed hi life to his heart's content.

5. But every day, amongst the rest, there was or small covered dish, which he was commanded b his patron not only never to taste, but never ev so much as to lift up the cover, to see what w under it.

6. And he was told that if he disobeyed this co *mand*, he should be sent back, with shame, to *former state* of life.

7. *He took* care not to break his orders for s *time; but soon* his idleness became his chief

tion; for, having nothing else to do, he was puzzling himself, from morning till night, in trying to guess what could be in that covered dish, and why its contents should be so carefully concealed from him.

8. At last, his curiosity became so strong, that he could resist it no longer; thinking that no harm could come from taking a sly peep into the mysterious dish, which he might easily do, as nobody attended him at his meals, and therefore nobody could tell of his transgression.

9. Resolved, therefore, to unriddle the cause of his patron's foolish command, as he thought it, he very gently lifted up the cover, when, in a moment, out leaped a little mouse, which had been placed there, in order to betray him if he should disobey.

10. As the mouse darted into a closet and made his escape, there was no possible way to conceal the truth.

11. *The servants* soon after entered to clear the table. *The rich* man examined the dish, and foun

out the folly of his idle pensioner, who was instantly dismissed from the house, and obliged, once more, to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

12. To such a foolish man, there is no doubt, that this was a severe punishment. But people of good sense, and honest hearts, know very well that employment is necessary to happiness; and that idleness is not only the parent of mischief, but of misery and ruin.

IX. Lesson Ninth.—*The Boys who did Mischief for Fun.*

1. I will tell you another story. William and Edward were two clever little boys, and not at all ill-natured, but they were very fond of sport, and they did not care whether people were hurt or no, provided they could but laugh.

2. So one fine summer's day, when they had said their lessons, they took a walk through the long grass in the meadows. William began to blow the dandelions, and the feathered seeds flew in the wind like arrows, but Edward said, "Let us tie the grass; it will be very good sport to tie the long grass over the path, and to see people tumble upon their noses as they run along, and do not suspect any thing of the matter."

3. So they tied it in several places, and then hid themselves to see who would pass. And presently a farmer's boy came trudging along, and down he tumbled, and lay sprawling on the ground; however he had nothing to do but to get up again, so there was not much harm done this time.

4. *Then* there came Susan the milk-maid, tripping *along with her* milk pail upon her shoulders, and *singing like a* lark. When her foot struck against *where* the grass was tied, down she came

with her pail rattling about her shoulders, and her milk was all spilt upon the ground.

5. Then Edward said, "Poor Susan! I think I should not like to be served so myself, let us untie the grass."—"No, no," said William, "if the milk is spilt there are some pigs that will lick it up, let us have some more fun: I see a man running along as if he were running for a wager.

6. "I am sure he will fall upon his nose." And so the man did, and William and Edward both laughed; but when the man did not get up again they began to be frightened, and went up to him and asked him if he was hurt.

7. "O masters," said the man, "some thoughtless boys, I do not know who they are, have tied the grass together over the path, and as I was running with all my might it threw me down, and I have sprained my ankle so, that I shall not be able to walk for a month."

8. "I am very sorry," said Edward; "have you a great deal of pain?"—"O yes," said the man, "but that I do not mind, but I was going in a great hurry to fetch a surgeon, to bleed a gentleman who is in a fit, and they say he will die if he is not bled."

9. Then Edward and William both turned pale as ashes, and said, "Where does the surgeon live? we will go for him, we will run all the way."—"He lives at the next town," said the man, "but it is a mile off, and you cannot run so fast as I should have done; you are only boys."

10. "Where must we tell the surgeon to come to?" said William. "He must come to the white house, at the end of the long chestnut avenue," said the man; "he is a very good gentleman that lives *there.*"

11. "*O it is* our dear papa! it is our dear papa!"

said the two boys. "Oh papa will die, what must we do?"

12. I do not know whether their papa died or no; I believe he got well again; but I am sure of one thing, that Edward and William never tied the grass to throw people down again as long as they lived.

X. Lesson Tenth.—*Story of Mary.*

1. Little Mary was a great favorite, with her papa, and he used to give her whatever toys, dolls, and sweetmeats she wished for.

2. But it was not right that Mary should wish for nothing but such things as these, and so thought her papa, and when they were in the garden, and he was reading something at which he was greatly pleased, she asked him how he could be so glad in doing what seemed to her a very dull thing, and which she was sure she would never do, but when she was forced to get her task.

3. Now Mary ought to have known better than this, after all her papa had told her, and after having had as many pretty books given her, as would make a little library.

4. So instead of smiling at her, as he generally did, he turned away his head with a frown, and put her hand out of his, and turned from her, and went into another part of the garden.

5. Mary did not expect this, and so, as she was not a silly little girl, though a very idle one, she hung down her head and wept very bitterly.

6. She did not dare to look at her papa all that *evening, and* she did not cease crying till she fell *asleep.*

XI. Lesson Eleventh.—*The rest of the same Story.*

1. The next morning she studied her lessons with more care than she had ever done before, and her instructor was surprised to find the idlest scholar in her school, become all of a sudden the first of the class.

2. When Mary went home from school, she would have fain told her papa, but she was ashamed to see him, so she went and sought all the books she had ever had given her, and which she had, till now, suffered to lie scattered about with broken play-things, and left-off doll's clothes. She looked into one or two, and began to think that, after all, books were not such dull things as she had thought.

3. After she had put them all together, and arranged them on a shelf which had been given her for the purpose, she looked at them with great pleasure, and was almost as proud of her library, as her papa seemed of his.

4. When she had thus finished putting her books in order, she thought to herself, that she had yet much to do before she dare again see her papa, or that he would be as kind to her as he used to be.

5. So she examined every book she had, in order to see which she might read with most profit, and which might best enable her to talk with her papa about the objects he had often pointed out to her, or how to ask him questions sensibly, and not like a silly little girl who knew nothing.

6. At last she pitched upon Mrs. Trimmer's Natural History, which she took and read so diligently, that *in a few days she* knew every thing which it *contains, and could* describe the different animals *it speaks of with* great correctness.

7. She was so pleased with the knowledge she had thus gained, that she loved her papa more than she had ever done, for having made her do what had given her, and might still give her, so much pleasure.

8. However, he as yet knew nothing of what she had done, and so took no notice of her whatever, but one evening, a few days after this sad affair, he was sitting reading in a room which opened into the garden, and little Mary, no longer able to resist her wish to tell him how sorry she was, and what she had done, and would still do to please him, came behind him, and gently touching him, let him know she was waiting to be again received as his favorite little girl.

9. She was not long in telling him how she had determined never more to offend him by being idle, and loving only sweetmeats and play-things; and then she amused him by giving an account of all the things she had read about, and which she was delighted to find were all true; and he told her many other stories of the same kind, with which she was greatly pleased.

10. From that time forth little Mary was not only the favorite, but the companion of her papa, and they walked together, and she passed all the time of her holydays in the pleasantest way possible, learning something from every thing they saw, and every day becoming wiser and better.

11. When a child receives a present of a book from its father or its mother, the least such a child can do, is to read it carefully through, and keep it in very good order.

12. But a good and grateful child will not be satisfied with this. Such an one will try to possess himself *of all the* instruction contained in the book; and *to gain from it* all the improvement which it can possibly afford.

XII. Lesson Twelfth.—*The Eagle that made a Mistake.*

1. One day an eagle, who was soaring high in the air, thought that he saw a fine fat rabbit, sleeping comfortably on a bank in the sun.

2. "Ah, hah! my fine fellow," says he, "I will spoil your nap very quickly. You shall make me a nice dinner."

3. So down he pounced upon the sleeping animal, stuck his sharp claws in his back, and bore him off into the air.

4. He had not flown far, however, before he found that he had made a very great mistake; for the creature he had taken for a rabbit, turned out to be a ravenous wild cat.

5. The wild cat, you may well suppose, was a good deal astonished at finding himself pinched so [illegible] in the back, and flying off through the air, over the hills and tree tops, six times as fast as a stage-coach or steamboat.

6. So he laid hold of the eagle's throat with might and main, and soon made him repent of his bargain. Down they both came to the ground; and the eagle was killed, while the wild cat escaped with a trifling wound.

7. I have known a great many bad boys who fared almost as badly as the eagle. They were fond of doing mischief to other people; but they always did more injury to themselves, than to any one else.

XIII. Lesson Thirteenth.—*Ingratitude.*

Charlotte. I don't like Betty Brown at all. I wish, mamma, I had not promised to give her sixpence a week out of my allowance.

Mrs. Davis. What is the matter? What has poor old Betty done to displease you?

Charlotte. She does not seem at all grateful for what I give her. Just now, when I took her the sixpence, she received it quite as if it was a thing of course, and as if she was scarcely obliged to me for it. And last week, too, she hardly said any thing more than, "Thank you, Miss Charlotte."

Mrs. Davis. What would you have had her say?

Charlotte. Oh, I don't know. But, at least, she might have said how much obliged she was, and how good natured it was of me.

Mrs. Davis. Then, I find, I have been under a mistake; for I thought you gave your money out of charity, and because our Savior Jesus Christ has instructed us, who have abundance, to contribute, out of our superfluity, to the necessities of those who are in want. I did not know that you promised Betty *the sixpence* a week for the sake of being praised, *and told how* good you are.

Charlotte. Nay, mamma, that was not the reason. *am sure I* meant it out of charity. And yet one

likes people to be grateful. There is something so provoking in ingratitude.

Mrs. Davis. Then, I hope, you are always very grateful yourself.

Charlotte. Oh, I am quite sure—at least, I hope and think I am; for whenever you or papa give me any thing, you know how I thank you for it over and over again, and show it to every body in the house, and tell them how kind you are.

Mrs. Davis. And are your papa and I the only persons who give you any thing?

Charlotte. Oh no, mamma, my god-mamma gives me things sometimes, though she has not for a long time. But when she does, I am sure, I am always very much obliged to her. Indeed, I really think I am not ungrateful to any one who is kind to me.

Mrs. Davis. Have you not a friend in heaven, who is even much kinder to you than any earthly friend can be?

Charlotte. Yes, mamma, I know that God is our kindest friend of all.

Mrs. Davis. And are you sure that you are always properly grateful to Him? Alas! my child, I fear that the very best of us greatly fail in this our bounden duty. Does he not, daily and hourly, load us with benefits? and are not we too prone to receive them as things of course? And when he sees fit to withhold any of them from us, do we not often allow ourselves to repine, as though we had been deprived of what was our due? And is not this, my child, quite as bad as, or, rather much worse, than any thing poor old Betty Brown can have done to displease you?

I agree with you, that ingratitude is provoking; but we must strive to bear with it, remembering how our Heavenly Father bears with it, and how, notwithstanding our unworthiness, He continues to load us with his gifts.

XIV. Lesson Fourteenth.—*Story of Sam and Harry.*

1. I will tell you a story about two little boys, Sam and Harry. One fine summer's day, Sam was walking home from school, over the fields.

2. He sauntered slowly along, for it was very pleasant, and he was reading in a pretty story-book which he had just bought with his week's money; and sometimes he lay down under a tree and read, and the birds sung over his head, and he was a happy little boy.

3. Well, at length, he got over a stile and came into the high road, and there was a gate across the road, and a blind beggar stood holding the gate open, and said, "Pray bestow a halfpenny." But Sam gave him nothing.

4. "What! did Sam give the poor blind beggar nothing?"—No, because he had nothing to give, for, as I told you, he had spent his money.

5. So he walked through, and looked rather sorrowful. And in a minute or two afterwards, a smart curricle came driving down to the gate, and Harry and his mamma were in it.

6. And the blind man stood and held his hat. "Let us give the poor blind man something," said Harry immediately to his mamma.

7. So his mamma gave him a handful of halfpence, which she had just received from the last turnpike man. And Harry took them eagerly, but instead of putting them into the poor man's hat, which he held out for them, he threw the whole handful far as he could scatter them into the hedge.

8. The poor man could not find them there, you know, and looked very melancholy; but Sam, who

had turned his head to look at the fine curricle, saw Harry fling the halfpence, and came back, and looked carefully in the hedge, and in the grass, and all about, till, one by one, he had found all the halfpence; and, besides the trouble he had, it took him so much time, that he almost lost his dinner by coming too late.

9. Now pray which do you think was most kind to the poor blind man, Harry or Sam? I know very well which he thanked most in his heart.

XV. Lesson Fifteenth.—*The Good Boy whose Parents are rich.*

1. The good boy whose parents are rich, has fine clothes to wear; and he rides on a pretty little horse, and in a coach; and has servants to wait on him: but he does not, for all that, think that he is better than other boys, whose parents are not rich.

2. He knows that some rich people are not good; and that God gives a great deal of money to some persons, in order that they may assist those who are poor.

3. He speaks very kindly to all his father's servants. He does not call them to wait upon him, when they are at meals, or very busy. If he wants them to do him a service, he asks them prettily; and thanks them for what they do for him.

4. He never gives them any trouble that he can avoid; therefore, he is careful not to make a noise in the house, and not to break any thing, or put it out of its place, and not to tear his clothes. When any of the servants who wait upon him are ill, he likes to *go and see them*; and he often thinks of them, and *asks how they do.*

5. He likes to go with his father or his mother

see poor people, in their cottages; and he gives them almost all the money he has.

6. When he sees little boys and girls that are ragged, dirty, and rude, and that have nobody to teach them to read, and to give them good books, he is very sorry for them, and he often says, "If I were a man, and had a great deal of money, I think no person that lived near me should be very poor.

7. "I would build a great many pretty cottages for poor people to live in; and every cottage should have belonging to it a garden and a field, in order that the poor people might have plenty of vegetables, and a cow, and a pig, and some poultry; and they should not pay me much rent. I would give clothes to the little boys and girls; and they should all learn to read, and to write, and to work, and to be very good."

XVI. Lesson Sixteenth.—*The Good Boy whose Parents are poor.*

1. The good boy whose parents are poor, rises very early in the morning; and all day long does as much as he can, to help his father and mother.

2. When he goes to school, he walks quickly, and does not lose time on the road. "My parents," says he, "are very good, to save some of their money, in order that I may learn to read and write; but they cannot give much, nor can they spare me long; therefore I must learn as fast as I can; if any body has time to lose, I am sure I have not.

3. "I should be very sorry when I am a man, not to know how to read very well in the Bible, and *other good books*; and when I leave my parents, not *to be able to* read their letters, and to write them *word where I* am, and how I do. And I must learn *counts, for* when I grow up, I shall have many

things to reckon about my work, and what I buy: I shall perhaps have bills to make out, as my father has; and perhaps I shall be employed in a shop."

4. When he has finished his lessons, he does not stay to play, but runs home; he wants to see his father and mother, and to help them.

5. He often sees naughty boys in the streets, and in the fields, fight, and steal, and do many bad things; and he hears them swear, and call names, and tell lies; but he does not like to be with them, for fear they should make him as bad as they are; and that any body who sees him with them, should think that he too is naughty.

6. When he is at home, he is very industrious. He takes care of the little children; weeds his father's garden, and hoes, and rakes it, and sows seed in it.

7. Sometimes he goes with his father to work: then he is very glad; and though he is but a little fellow, he works very hard, almost like a man.

8. When he comes home to dinner, he says, "How hungry I am! and how good this bread is, and this bacon! Indeed, I think every thing we have is very good. I am glad I can work: I hope that I shall soon be able to earn all my clothes, and my food too."

9. When he sees little boys and girls riding on pretty horses, or in coaches, or walking with ladies and gentlemen, and having on very fine clothes, he does not envy them, nor wish to be like them.

10. He says, "I have often been told, and I have read, that it is God who makes some to be poor, and some rich; that the rich have many troubles, which we know nothing of; and that the poor, if they are but good, may be very happy: indeed, I think that *when I am good*, nobody can be happier than I am."

XVII. Lesson Seventeenth.—*The Industrious Little Girl.*

1. The industrious little girl always minds what h father and mother say to her; and takes pains to lea whatever they are so kind as to teach her. She never noisy or troublesome; so they like to have h with them, and they like to talk to her, and to instru her.

2. She has learned to read so well, and she is good a girl, that her father has given her several litt books, which she reads in by herself, whenever sl likes; and she understands all that is in them.

3. She knows the meaning of a great many d ficult words; and the names of a great many cou tries, cities, and towns, and she can find them upon map.

4. She can spell almost every little sentence, th her father asks her to spell; and she can write ve prettily, even without a copy; and she can do a gre many sums on a slate.

5. Whatever she does, she takes care to do it wel and when she is doing one thing, she tries not t think of another. If she has made a mistake, done any thing wrong, she is sorry for it; and whe she is told of a fault, she endeavors to avoid it a other time.

6. When she wants to know any thing, she ask her father or mother to tell her; and she tries to u derstand, and to remember what they tell her: b if they do not think proper to answer her question *she does not* tease them, but says, "When I am olde *they will perhaps* instruct me," and she thinks abou *something else.*

She likes to sit by her mother, and sew, or

When she sews, she does not take long stitches, or pucker her work; but does it very neatly, just as her mother tells her to do. And she always keeps her work very clean; for if her hands are dirty, she washes them before she begins her work; and when she has finished it, she folds it up, and puts it by very carefully, in her work-bag, or in a drawer.

8. It is but very seldom, indeed, that she loses her thread or needles, or any thing she has to work with. She keeps her needles and thread in her little case; and she has a pincushion on which she puts her pins. She does not stick needles on her sleeve, or put pins in her mouth; for she has been told those are silly, dangerous tricks; and she always pays attention to what is said to her.

9. She takes care of her own clothes; and folds them up very neatly. She knows exactly where she puts them; and, I believe, she could find them even in the dark.

10. When she sees a hole in her frock, or any of her clothes, she mends it, or asks her mother to have it mended; she does not wait till the hole is very large, for she remembers what her mother has told her, that "A stitch in time saves nine."

11. She does not like to waste any thing. She never throws away or burns crumbs of bread, or peelings of fruit, or little bits of muslin, or linen, or ends of thread; for she has seen the chickens and the little birds picking up crumbs, and the pigs feeding upon peelings of fruit; and she has seen the ragman going about gathering rags, which her mother has told her, he sells to people who make paper of them.

12. When she goes with her mother into the kitchen and the dairy, she takes notice of every thing she *sees; but she does* not meddle with any thing *without leave. She* knows how puddings, tarts, butter, *and bread are* made.

13. She can iron her own clothes, and she can make her own bed. She likes to feed the chickens and the young turkeys, and to give them clean water to drink and to wash themselves in; she likes to work in her little garden, to weed it, and to sow seeds and plant roots in it; and she likes to do little jobs for her mother, and be useful.

14. If all little girls would be so attentive and industrious, how they would delight their parents, and their kind friends, and they would be much happier themselves, than when they are obstinate, or idle, or ill-humored, and not willing to learn any thing properly, or mind what is said to them.

XVIII. Lesson Eighteenth.—*The Showman and his learned Dog.*

1. There was, in Greece, a great while ago, a certain showman who had trained up a little dog, so that he would pick out letters and make words with them, and perform a great many other wonderful tricks.

2. One day he was showing this curious animal, in the public market place of a city, to a large number of people, who as usual gave him money for their entertainment.

3. He made his dog, who was very well taught, display all his feats. And the dog performed with such ready understanding and attention, that he seemed to be almost as knowing as a man.

4. Among the spectators there was a Grecian philosopher named Epictetus, who seemed very greatly delighted with the amusement. Some of the people wondered, that so learned a man should be pleased with such a show, and began to laugh at him.

5. But the wise man turned round to the crowd, who were looking at the dog's performance, and smiling, said, "You see, my friends, by this exhibition, what an excellent thing learning is; since the little that a man has been able to beat into a dog, is sufficient, not only to maintain his master, but to enable him to travel about the world, and see the various wonders of nature."

XIX. Lesson Nineteenth.—*The Pleasures of Winter.*

1. It is very pleasant to walk in the fields, and to have the sun shining wherever we go, and to have always some gay thing before us; and there are some people who would like to have nothing but summer, and who wish that the days were always long and *bright, and that* there were no cold wind, or snow, or *winter nights.*

2. I have heard some little boys and girls say, they should be very sorry when the bad weather came, for they should not then be able to play at all, and would have nothing to do to make them happy.

3. But they were very wrong, or else were very idle children, for there are many reasons why they should not be sorry, when the snow or the rain keeps them within doors; for without snow or rain, the seeds, from which the flowers and the fruits of the summer spring up, would perish and never do any good; and this is cause enough to make all good children contented, though the bad weather should sometimes keep them at home.

4. But I will tell you another thing, which should keep them from being sorry, when they see the clouds come along the sky, and the dark night makes us shut the door, and draw round the fire.

5. It is a sad thing thing to have learnt to read, and not to know that a pretty book is better than a ball, or a kite, or any toy in the world.

6. For a toy, you know, is soon spoiled, or we grow tired of it, and then we forget it, and it is of no use.

7. But a book can tell us many kinds of things, and contains sometimes pretty stories, and at others, histories of men that have done great good to the world, or who have travelled into distant lands, and seen many wonderful sights there, which they come home and tell of, to every one who can read their books.

8. So I hope, when the winter comes again, you will not be sorry, but try to make papa find some pretty book, and then you will draw round the table with your brothers and sisters, and hear of such *strange things*, that you will be pleased to know *about them*, and be glad to find that there is something *better than play*, and that the winter nights are very *pleasant, for* good children who like to sit still, and

hear of what was done in the world before they were born, or of what is doing in places, that are far, very far, away.

9. And if you like to hear of such things, I dare say, you will never be without some pretty book, that will tell you whatever you wish to know; and that would make you very glad, I think.

XX. Lesson Twentieth.—*The Happy Children.*

1. I once knew two charming little girls, and a smiling boy, who were very—very happy! They loved each other fondly, and what was the joy of one was the joy of all.

2. I can fancy I see them now, seated all three at a table, their heads closely meeting, as they all read the same book, or looked at the same pictures. Their parents were rich, and could afford them many fine things, but their chief good arose from love and concord.

3. If one was in trouble, the others would unite to help him out of it; and, if one was sick, he was sure of at least two good nurses. Had one a toy or a cake, it was worth nothing till shared with the other two; and if you pleased one you were sure to please all.

4. No noise, no murmurs were heard, where they dwelt. There was much laughing, indeed, and some singing; much chatting, and much dancing.

5. If one played a tune on the piano, the other two would stand by, and sing to the merry music. All three could dance in a reel; so a reel was the chosen dance; and for the tune, all sang it as they danced.

6. *Was a letter to* be written; one would write, *and the others help* to spell the words, and think what *was best to say.* Was a lesson to be learnt; there

was such hearing, and prompting, and helping, that the lesson was soon learnt by all.

7. With the early dawn, they sprang from their beds to meet each other; and not till the firefly was shining on the dark turf did they part, with many tender "Good-nights."

8. Always at peace with each other, they were so with all the world. No harsh words passed their lips; no frowns darkened their brows.

9. They were not pretty; but people thought them lovely, because their looks were so sweet and gentle. They were not very clever; but people called them very clever, because their manners were so mild, and frank, and pleasing.

10. By their conduct, these three dear children caused their own bliss, and gained the love and esteem of all around them. I should think, to copy them would be very easy and very pleasant; suppose, my children, you try!

XXI. Lesson Twenty-first.—*The Lion.*

1. I know you like to read of lions, and to hear stories of them. Lions are not found in Europe, and there are none in America.

2. The animal something like a lion, and which is sometimes called a lion by persons who do not know, is a puma, an animal of the same species, but not so tall; and it has no mane, and no tuft at the end of his tail. In Africa a great many lions are found, and in Asia too.

3. When a lion is waked out of his sleep, he is *always so* startled that he runs off as fast as he can, *just the way that* his head turns, but if any persons *stand in his way*, he will kill them in his fright. A *few years ago* a man, who had a lion in a cage at

Exeter 'Change, where wild beasts were kept at the time, was killed in this manner by a lion.

4. If he had but stood out of the lion's way, till the creature was awake enough to have known him, this would not have been; for lions are fond of their keepers, if the keepers are kind to them.

5. The reason why the lion, as well as the cat, steals so quietly on his prey is, that both have whiskers which stand out on each side, so that all round from point to point they are equal to the size of the animal's body—you will understand that where the whiskers touch, the body would touch too—so when the lion is stealing through thick brushwood, these whiskers soon tell him, whether he would make a rustling that would alarm his prey; and he takes care not to push through too thick a bush.

6. Besides this, he has thick cushions of flesh under his feet, that prevent his steps from being heard.

7. Persons who have examined the tongue of a lion, say that he could not possibly lick the hand of a man without tearing away the skin; for his tongue is thick set with sharp horny points, bending backwards.

8. Many old stories of these creatures were made up, before they had been examined so carefully as for it to be known, as it is now, that what was told could not have happened; and when you are older you will read particulars, that will make you understand a great deal more than I can explain to you now.

9. There is one old story, of a person's having once taken a thorn out of a lion's foot, as he lay in a cave under a rock, lame, and too weak to rise, or even to lift his paw, from the pain of the swelling; and the story goes on to say that many years afterwards, when *this lion was caught* in a trap, and sent in a cage to *Italy, he gave* a roar of joy when he happened to see *the same person*, who immediately knew him, and

went into his den, and the lion fawned on him like a purring cat.

10. I do not know whether this story is true, but it is certain that animals remember both kindness and ill treatment a very long time.

11. It is not right to be cruel to animals, for we are told in the Bible that the merciful man is merciful to his beast; and you see it is not wise, too, for God has given to beasts instinct to know and remember their friends from their enemies.

XXII. Lesson Twenty-second.—*A Voyage.*

1. Sponges—you want to know what they are, and where they come from. They are formed by insects, and they grow, or rather they are fastened by these insects to the rocks deep below the sea.

2. Persons accustomed to the business dive for them. Look for Smyrna, across the Grecian Archipelago, in Asia Minor. Great quantities of sponges are sent to America from that place. And great quantities of figs, too.

3. Look at the number of islands that lie in and near the Archipelago I named—the word Archipelago means a sea full of islands—from some of those islands come the currants for your buns. They grow on low bushes, in bunches like other grapes; they are a small kind of grape.

4. Come on westward—you know that westward on a map means towards your left hand. Hold me up your little left hand; now lay it down on the side of the map which it is nearest—that is the western side.

5. *Well,* come on with your little eyes westward *from those islands,* and you will see the Morēa; why *do you think it was called* Morēa? because it was so

full of mulberry trees, and Morēa, or a word something like it, Morus, means mulberry.

6. You know the insect that spins its bright yellow balls amongst mulberry trees. These trees grow in great quantities in Italy, too.

7. Look on westward still, and now see where silk comes from. Olive trees grow in Italy too, as well as in Greece; and from the fruit of the olive is pressed the oil used in salads.

8. Castor oil, which is good for medicine, is pressed from the seeds of a plant called the Palma Christi, which grows in great plenty in Sicily. Here, south of Italy.

9. Look for Leghorn on the western side of Italy. From that place mamma's fine straw bonnet takes its name; bring away a new one for her, and come on till you see Marseilles.

10. All the rocks about that neighborhood, and along the south coast of France, are covered with a pretty hanging bush, with a large and delicate white blossom, having a number of fine purple filaments—filaments are like so many threads—these purple filaments hang from the middle of the flower, which is about the size of a dog-rose—this is the caper bush.

11. The buds of these pretty flowers are gathered before they blow, and put in vinegar; and it is these which people eat with boiled mutton. From Marseilles too comes the fine red coral you see cut into beads for bracelets.

12. Coral, like sponge, is found deep under the sea, and is also made by an insect. These insects use coral and sponge for the same purpose that a snail does its shell—that is, for a house to live in. But the coral and sponge insects can leave their houses if they please, and the snail always drags his about with him.

13. As you are sailing along the Mediterranean, you may pick up a little nautilus, for they are often

seen on that sea; you know how curiously they can float their little shells on the water.

15. Come on westward still to Spain, and bring me away oranges and lemons, and almonds and raisins, which all grow in Spain:—and now come out through the straits of Gibraltar, and sail away home with your cargo. Cargo means a ship-load.

16. Sponges, and tortoise-shell, from the Mediterranean; hogs' bristles to make your hair-brushes, from Germany; ivory for the handles of tooth-brushes, from India or Africa. You know ivory is the tusk of an elephant; all this must be collected before you can have all you want, when you dress yourself every morning.

17. And what do you think of going up the Baltic?—look, here is the Baltic to the north of Europe, and this way we must steer our ship for hemp or flax to make you a good rough towel.

18. Hemp would be rather coarse, I think. Hemp is from the fibres of a plant something like a nettle—it is very useful for strong ropes. I think you have seen the thin stalk, and fine pale blue flowers of flax. We must go to the southern states for cotton, to make the white quilt with its little tufts, that is spread over your bed; but we may shear some of our own sheep for blankets to keep you warm.

XXIII. Lesson Twenty-third.—*A Second Voyage.*

1. We must make another voyage before breakfast can be set out for all the company that is in the house.

2. Let us take the map, and set out from Portsmouth, *or Boston,* and sail away across the Atlantic Ocean to *the coasts of* Spain, and then Africa to the east.

3. *These,* though they are to the east, will be *on our left* hand, because you see we shall be com-

ing down from the north, instead of looking up from the south, as we do when a map lies before us, and as you did when I told you to lay down your little left hand.

4. Here are the Madeira islands. Choice wine comes from them; and here is Teneriffe in the Canaries, with its high peak, perhaps we shall stop there a little while. Here are the Cape de Verd islands; look, here is the Cape itself, opposite to them in Africa.

5. Now on we go; we shall not stop at St. Helena till we are coming home again. Look where we shall turn round Africa, and at its very southern point is the Cape of Good Hope, and here we shall stop to take in provisions, water and beef, perhaps; and then away let us sail for China.

6. We may stop at one or two other places on our passage. But here at last is China, this great country, quite to the east of Asia; it is from here that all our tea comes.

7. Now home again with a large chest of it. We need not bring away plates and cups and saucers from China now, for they make as good in Philadelphia.

8. Let us look for Mocha, in Arabia, just after passing those narrow straits that let us into the Red Sea—the straits of Babelmandel. The best coffee used to be brought from there; but we get a great deal from the West Indies.

9. On our return, we must sweep over the wide Atlantic to those islands near America, which are called the West Indies—amongst them is Jamaica, which will give us a little ginger for papa; and almost all of them will supply us with sugar—brown sugar; *we must get it made* white in our own country.

10. While we are in the neighborhood, we may *as well go on to* South America, and bring away

lump of silver from Potosi, to make a tea-pot, and coffee-pots, and cream-jug, and spoons.

11. In South America, too, on the banks of some of the rivers we shall find a tree like a young cherry-tree, with pods something like a cucumber in shape, and in each of these pods twenty or thirty nuts like almonds, only of a dark brown color inside, and not white like the almond—these are the cacao or chocolate nuts.

12. Now we have tea from China; coffee from Mocha, if you please; sugar and ginger from the West Indies; and cocoa, and chocolate, from South America.

13. Honey we can get from our own bees; wheat from our own farm; and butter, cream, and milk from our own cows.

14. But what long voyages for a breakfast! yes; people have used themselves to these things, and now they fancy they cannot do without them. You are better off; you can go to the granary for a little wheat to make bread, and to the dairy for a basin of milk:

"Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread."

XXIV. Lesson Twenty-fourth.—*The Divisions of the Globe.*

1. We might have met with many flying fishes in crossing the great Atlantic ocean, for they are very common in the warmest parts of it.

2. Quite to the north, and quite to the south of the whole globe of the earth, we should find very cold weather. Those parts are called the north and south *poles.*

3. *Look* at this orange—I will draw a line all

round it, just as far from where the stem was fixed, as from this opposite point, where the blossom fell off.

4. This line on the globe would be called the equator, because it is at *equal* distance from both these poles. Now we will call our *blossom* end the north pole, and our *stem* end the south pole.

5. I shall explain to you when you are a little older, what makes this difference of heat and cold in different places; but just now you must remember, that all the parts of the world, all the way round, which are nearest the equator, on either side of it, are very hot.

6. Because this kind of climate goes *all round* the globe, it is called a zone—zone means a belt; and because it is very hot in this zone, it is called the torrid zone—torrid means very hot.

7. The zones round the north and south pole, are called the frigid zones—frigid means very cold; and the belts of earth, between the frigid zones and the torrid zone, are called the temperate zones, because they are neither very hot nor very cold.

8. Those parts of the temperate zones, which are nearest the frigid zones, must be the coldest; and those nearest the torrid zone the hottest. Now we will mark out the five zones on our orange.

9. One torrid zone, with the line which I told you was the equator, exactly through the middle of it; so when you hear of a ship being near the equator, or crossing the line, you will know it must be in a very hot part of the world.

10. Well, one torrid zone, two frigid zones, and when we have marked out these three zones, here lie the two temperate zones between the torrid and the *frigid.*

11. *You may* take notice on the map how near the *equator, or the* poles, any places lie, and then you can

nearly guess how hot or how cold it would be in those places, or seas.

12. There is always an equator in the maps of Asia, Africa, and America; and the north you know is at the top of the map, and the south is at the bottom of the map.

13. Almost the whole of Europe is in the north temperate zone, only a portion runs up into the frigid. The whole of Asia lies in the north temperate, and in the torrid zone; a part of Sumatra, and Borneo, Java, and some smaller islands, are on the southern side of *the line*.

14. This line, the equator, runs through Africa and America. Now you may look on the map of the world for all this, and then at the maps of the four quarters separately.

XXV. Lesson Twenty-fifth.—*The Hare and the Tortoise.*

1. Said a hare to a tortoise, "Good sir, what a while
You have been only crossing the way;
Why I really believe that to go half a mile,
You must travel two nights and a day."

2. "I am very contented," the creature replied,
"Though I walk but a tortoise's pace;
But if you think proper the point to decide,
We will run half a mile in a race."

3. "Very good," said the hare; said the tortoise "Proceed,
And the fox shall decide who has won;"
Then the hare started off with incredible speed;
But the tortoise walk'd leisurely on.

4. "Come, tortoise, friend tortoise, walk on," said the hare,
"While I shall stay here for my dinner;
Why 'twill take you a month, at that rate, to get there,
Then how can you hope to be winner?"

5. But the tortoise could hear not a word that she said,
For he was far distant, behind;
So the hare felt secure whilst at leisure she fed,
And took a sound nap when she dined.

6. So at last this slow walker came up with the hare,
And there fast asleep did he spy her;
And he cunningly crept with such caution and care,
That she woke not, although he pass'd by her.

7. "Well now," thought the hare, when she open'd her eyes,
"For the race—and I soon shall have done it;"
But who can describe her chagrin and surprise,
When she found that the tortoise had won it?

Thus plain plodding people, we often shall find,
Will leave hasty confident people behind.

XXVI. Lesson Twenty-sixth.—*A Walk in the Meadows proposed.*

1. I have been thinking, my dear Charlotte, that you and I might take some very profitable walks together; and, at the same time that we are benefiting our health by air and exercise, might improve our minds; for every object in nature, when carefully examined, will fill us with admiration, and afford us both instruction and amusement; and, I am persuaded, we shall find that nothing has been made in vain.

2. Though Henry is so young, he is a sensible little boy, and will be able, I dare say, to understand many things which we shall have occasion to talk of; therefore I think to take him with us: I long to see him, as I suppose he is greatly pleased with his change of dress!

3. Oh! here he comes. Your servant, sir! you are very smart, indeed: I could not imagine what little beau it was strutting along; I suppose, now you are dressed like a man, you begin to fancy that you are one; but, though you can read and spell, spin a top, and catch a ball, I do assure you there are a great many things for you to learn yet, and I shall be happy to teach you what I know.

4. Your sister and I are going to take a walk; we shall have many pretty things to look at and talk about, therefore I dare say you will be happy to be of our party, will you not?

5. You know, my dears, in the walks we have already taken in the fields together, I showed you a great variety of plants and flowers; you have seen *the cattle and sheep* grazing, the little birds hopping *and flying about*; and though I told you the name of *every thing* you saw, which I hope you will remem-

ber, you must learn to know a great deal more about them.

6. Charlotte is going to get herself ready, so fetch your hat, Henry, and let us go into the meadows, where I am sure we shall soon find something worth examining.

XXVII. Lesson Twenty-seventh.—*The Walk in the Meadows.*

1. Well, Henry, what do you think: is not this a charming place? You know that it is called a meadow. See how green the grass looks, and what a number of pretty flowers! Run about and try how many different sorts of grass you can find, for it is now in blossom.

2. One, two, three: you have got eight sorts, I declare! Charlotte has gathered quite a nosegay; daisies, cowslips, butter-cups: as for the rest, I do not know their names, so we must search the herbal, where we shall find them, and learn what they are called.

3. I need not tell you what is the use of grass, because you have so frequently seen the cows, horses, and sheep eating it; but they do not eat it all in that state; no, a great quantity of the grass that grows is cut down with a scythe, like what our gardener uses, which is called mowing; then come the haymakers, who turn it over and over again, spreading it upon the ground; and when the sun and air have sufficiently dried it to keep it from becoming mouldy, it is carried home to the farmer's yard, and put together in great heaps called hay-ricks and hay-stacks.

4. There are thousands and thousands of loads *made every year*, which serve to feed the cattle in the *winter; for there* is but little green grass for them

then All of it grows from little seeds no bigger than pin's heads: look at the blossoms in your hand, Henry; they would soon have turned to seeds.

5. In a meadow, where there has been hay made, a great many of the dry seeds drop and are scattered about, and grass springs from them the next year; but if people want to make a new meadow, they must keep some seeds and sow them.

6. The beautiful flowers which you have in your hand, Charlotte, grew likewise from seeds which were mixed amongst the hay seeds; for the plants which sprung from those seeds are good for the cattle, and serve to give a pleasant taste to the grass. Besides, numbers of them are medicinal, that is, good to make medicines for the cure of many disorders to which we are subject.

7. Don't you think that grass is a very useful thing? I am sure the poor horses, cows, and sheep would say so could they reason and speak; for they have no cooks to dress victuals for them, nor money to buy bread, nor can they ask for any thing they want; so you see their food grows under their feet, and they have nothing to do but to eat it.

XXVIII. Lesson Twenty-eighth.—*The Oak and other Trees.*

1. What a fine spreading oak is this, which serves us for a canopy, and shades us so comfortably from the sun! See what a number of acorns hang upon it; they are excellent food for hogs. But do not think that the stately oak is good for nothing, but to supply them with provision; it is of the greatest use *to us.*

2. *How large* it is! it is bigger round than any *man ever was;* it has hundreds of branches, thousand

of acorns, and still more leaves. It has great roots, which strike a long way into the ground, and spread all round at the bottom; they keep it from being blown down by the violent gusts of wind which it frequently has to encounter, and through the roots it is, that the moisture of the earth nourishes it, and keeps it alive.

3. Now, Henry, is it not a very surprising thing, that this great tree grew at first from a little acorn? Look, here is a young one, called a sapling; it is so little, Charlotte, that you will be able to pull it up yourself. There you see the acorn still sticking upon the root.

4. The oak we sit under probably is a hundred years old; when it is cut down it will be called timber; the sawyers will saw it in pieces proper to be used in building ships and houses.

5. There are many sorts of timber trees besides, as ash, elm, chestnut, walnut, and others. When there are a number of trees growing near together, the place is called a wood; you have each of you been in one; you recollect that, I suppose, and what kind of a place it was. I wish we were in one now, for it is hot walking.

6. But I was going to observe, that all sorts of trees grow either from seeds or kernels that are found in their fruit, or else from little plants taken from the old roots, or slips taken off from their branches.

7. All timber trees grow without any trouble, for the rain waters them; but I forgot to mention the bark, Charlotte, which is this outside part. It is of great use to tanners and dyers; and the dry branches, which are good for nothing else, make cheerful comfortable fires; so that you see trees are very valuable; nay, *poor Henry would miss them, for traps, tops, and bats are cut* out of them.

8. *See how* the pretty birds sit singing on the

branches; how glad they must be, when it rains, to shelter themselves amongst the leaves: besides, if a heavy shower was to come now, we should be happy to stand under a tree ourselves, provided there was no appearance of a thunder-storm; for in thunder-storms trees often attract the lightning, which might make it very dangerous to be near them.

XXIX. Lesson Twenty-ninth.—*The Love of Brothers.*

1. Sweet is the song of birds, when the dark days of winter are over and gone, and the trees lift up their green heads in the bright light of spring!

2. Sweet is the sport of lambkins, while their dams lie down to sleep by the streamlet that flows in the cool shade.

3. Sweet is the hum of bees, when the work of the day is done, and they fold their wings to rest in the full hive.

4. Sweet is the shout of joy, which is heard at the farm, when the last load of corn is brought home, and the tables are spread for the harvest feast.

5. But far more sweet than any of these, is the love of brothers and sisters to each other.

6. To sport it gives many a blithe laugh.

7. From grief it takes many a sad tear.

8. And O! with what joy is it seen by the fond father and mother

9. They press their good and kind children to their breasts, and pray to God to bless them.

10. And God doth and will bless them; for the *good* find favor in his sight, and his tender mercy *is upon them* for ever.

11. *My* little reader, have you brothers and sisters?

12. Love them with all your heart. Do all you can for them.

13. Help them when in need; and wait not to be asked.

14. Add to their mirth. Share their grief. Vex them not. Use no cross words.

15. Touch not what is not your own. Speak the truth at all times.

16. Do no wrong; but do as you would be done by.

17. So shall you make glad the heart of your parents.

18. So shall you have the blessing of the great God who made you.

XXX. Lesson Thirtieth.—*The Two Boats.*

1. Albert and James Bland were two good boys; in fact they were the best boys in the town, and their praise was heard for miles round.

2. Did the rich man have a party of young folks at the hall—Albert and James were sure to be there.

3. They were the very masters of the sports. And their games were all merry and wise.

4. Was the poor man sick and in want of bread—Albert and James were the first to bring him some. They would share their own food with him.

5. And the joy which they felt in doing good, was more than they could tell. Rich and poor, high and low, all knew and loved them.

6. One day, when they had been in the play room a long time, and no noise was heard, their papa peeped softly in at the door, and there they were as busy as bees, at a small table near the window.

7. *James was rigging* a boat, and Albert was painting one. *To rig* a ship is to fit it out, or furnish it *with ropes* and lines proper for it.

8. Without being seen by either of them, their papa slipped into the room, and taking a seat at the farthest corner, he saw and heard all that was going on.

9. *James.* Dear Albert, can you tell me those lines which old Ben the sailor made about the boats, when we went with papa to the seaside?

10. *Albert.* It is so long since I said them, that I am sure I do not know; but I will try. Let me see—

The yawl and the jolly boat—

No, that's wrong:—the yawl comes in in the second line;—how do they begin?

11. *James.* I think, brother, the long boat—

12. *Albert.* O, ay, now I have them:

The long boat, the jolly boat,
Pinnace and yawl;—
The skiff and the water boat,
Ship boats we call.
For pleasure or fishing
We've all kinds of boats,
But the life-boat, my boys,
Is the best thing that floats.

13. *James.* Ay, that life-boat is a grand thing, to be sure. To save the poor sailors when the ship is dashing to pieces in the storm, is, as papa says, a great and noble act. Thank you, brother Albert. Perhaps you will one day write them out for me, and then I can learn them.

14. *Albert.* That I will: I will write them out for you to-night, if papa will let me have some paper.

15. *James.* Thank you, Albert. Oh, this sail is not as it ought to be: let me look at the picture, Albert. I thought so; ay, ay, this is the right way—

But the life-boat, my boys,
Is the best thing that floats.

16. I say, Albert, don't you think that the best thing

papa and mamma could do with us, would be to send us to sea? Why we are half sailors now.

17. *Albert.* Yes, we know that the stem is the forepart of the ship.

18. *James.* And that the stern is the hindpart.

19. *Albert.* That the keel is that bottom piece of timber, on which the ship is built.

20. *James.* That the masts are those long beams or posts, to which they fix the sails.

21. *Albert.* That the bowsprit is a mast, which stands out from the head of the ship.

22. *James.* That the starboard is the right hand, when looking towards the head.

23. *Albert.* And that the larboard is the left hand.

24. *James.* That to weigh anchor, is to heave or drag it up from the bottom of the sea; that the rudder is that instrument, which is placed at the stern, or hindpart of the ship, and which, by being moved backwards and forwards by the helm or handle, guides the course of the ship through the water.

25. *Albert.* That a buoy is a floating cask, which is made fast by chains and anchors, and other things, to show where the water is shallow, and where the sand-banks are, or any thing else of danger.

26. *James.* Yes, thanks to old Ben, the sailor, we know all these:—and then, how pleasant it would be to see the Whale, which is called the king of the sea.

27. *Albert.* And the Shark, which is the boldest of all fishes.

28. *James.* And the Roach, which is the greatest coward.

29. *Albert.* Ay, indeed, or to make a voyage to Peru, for gold and silver.

30. *James.* Or to the East Indies, and China, for *cloves, nutmegs, silks, muslins, tea, and many other nice things.*

31. *Albert.* Or to the West Indies, for rice, sugar, and coffee.

32. *James* Or to France and Spain, for wines, oranges, lemons, almonds, and raisins.

33. *Albert.* Yes, yes, this is all very pleasant to talk about, but to do it would not be quite so well, I fancy. Sailors have to bear many hardships. What a very sad account that was, which papa read to us the other day, about the poor fellows that were ten days at sea in a small boat, and were nearly starved before they were picked up, as they call it.

34. *James.* O dear, Albert, I cannot bear to think of it. How kind we ought to be to sailors when they come home: I am sure I will do all I can for them.

35. *Albert.* Hark! there is some one singing in the street; and see, it is a poor old sailor; he has but one leg; now then, out with your little box, and be as good as your word.

36. *James.* That I will: but, alas! I gave my last penny this morning to the poor little sweep, who has neither father nor mother. What shall I do?

37. At this moment their papa came forward.

38. *Papa.* My dear boys, for the last ten minutes I have been in the room; and you do not know what joy it gives me to see so much kindness, and to find your young minds so well stored with useful knowledge. There, there is a supply of money for your little box: go, and relieve the poor sailor; and then, as your boats are ready, I see, we will walk to the brook, and your brother shall launch them.

XXXI. Lesson Thirty-first.—*The Country and the City Mouse.*

1. A plain country mouse was once unexpectedly visited at his hole by a fine mouse of the town, who had formerly been his playfellow. The honest rustic, pleased with the honor, resolved to entertain his friend as sumptuously as possible.

2. He set before him some delicate gray pease and bacon, a dish of fine oatmeal, some parings of new cheese, and, to crown all with a dessert, a remnant of charming mellow apple.

3. When the repast was nearly finished, the spark of the town, taking breath, said, "Old Crony, give me leave to be a little free with you: how can you bear to live in this melancholy hole here, with nothing but woods, and meadows, and mountains, and rivulets about you? Do you not prefer the hum of the busy *city to the chirping* of birds, and the splendor of a *grand house to* the prospect of a wild like this?"

4. With many flowery arguments he at last pr

vailed upon his country friend to go with him to town, and about midnight they safely entered a certain great house, where there had been an entertainment the day before.

5. Here it was the citizen's turn to entertain, and placing his guest on a rich Persian carpet, they both began to regale most deliciously on the richest meats and drinks; when, on a sudden, the door opened, a servant came in, and the two mice were glad to scamper for dear life.

6. The country mouse was ready to die with fear, at the many hairbreadth escapes which followed. At last, when they had retreated to a place of safety, he bid his city friend a hasty good morning, saying, "If this be your town life, much good may it do you. Give me my poor quiet hole again, with my homely but comfortable country fare. A frugal living, enjoyed in peace and security, is better than the greatest luxuries, imbittered by fear and danger."

XXXII. Lesson Thirty-second.—*The Sheep.*

1. Look at the pretty harmless sheep, with their innocent lambkins by their sides. Sweet creatures! you also have got fine thick coats; they are very comfortable to you in the winter, when you are obliged to lie in the open fields in the frost and snow, but must make you very hot in the summer.

2. Well, a way is contrived to ease you of them; as soon as the sultry heat comes on, the farmer will get you all together, and begin his sheep-shearing; then all your load of wool will be cut off, and you *will spring away* from him, and run frisking and skipping *about, like* little boys who pull off their coats to *play.*

3. The poor sheep would not be so merry, if they knew that they should be sold to the butchers, too; but that must be the case. Their flesh will be mutton, and their skins will either be parchment, such as Mr. Green, the lawyer, brought to your papa the other day, and like what your drum is covered with, Henry, or else leather, like the outside of your pocket-book.

4. The sheep's wool is very valuable indeed, for it is sold to the wool-combers, who clean it, and poor old women, who live in cottages, spin it with their spinning wheels. Have you not seen on old woman sitting at her work, singing, and happy to think that she should be paid enough for it to keep her from begging?

5. When the wool is spun it is called worsted, and the weavers make it into cloth for men's clothes, flannels, blankets, stockings, and other things: so that sheep supply us both with food and raiment.

6. But I dare say you think it very cruel to kill the poor creatures: indeed, it is a pity; but if some were not killed, there would be such numbers, that there would not be a sufficient quantity of herbage for them to eat, and many would die of hunger.

7. Now, whilst they live, they are as happy as they can be, have fine green pastures to feed and play in, and when they die, have no relations to be sorry for them, or who will suffer by their deaths.

8. Because, though ewes are very fond of their lambkins while they are little, the fondness continues no longer than while they are helpless; for when they have done feeding them, and shown them what to eat, they drive them away, and take no more notice of them.

9. When the butchers take the sheep to the slaughter-house, they know not what is going to be done; and when the blow is struck, they are but a little while dying, therefore they do not suffer much

When they are dead they can feel no more, you know. We *must* kill them to preserve our own lives, but should never be cruel to them while they live.

XXXIII. Lesson Thirty-third.—*The Sheep and her Lamb.*

1. I will now tell you a true story about a sheep and her lamb. One day, a gentleman was riding along a lonely district in the Highlands of Scotland, when he observed a sheep hurrying towards the road before him, as if to intercept him, and at the same time bleating most piteously.

2. When she was quite near, the sheep redoubled its cries, looking significantly in the face of the traveller, as if to beg some favor or kindness of him.

3. The gentleman took pity on the poor creature, and, getting off from his horse, he followed her to a field in the direction whence she had come.

4. When they came near to a heap of stones, at a considerable distance from the road, the sheep stopped, and, behold! there was a little lamb, completely wedged in between two large stones of the heap, with its feet uppermost, trying very hard to get loose.

5. The gentleman, you may be sure, was not long in setting the poor little thing free, so that it could run once more upon the green sward, while its mother uttered loud and long continued bleatings, in expression of its pleasure and gratitude.

XXXIV. Lesson Thirty-fourth.—*The Truant.*

1. Who is he that sleeps till a late hour, and when *he wakes,* yawns and wishes for the return of night, *that he may* fold his arms to sleep again?

2. He comes forth clothed in the garments of slovenliness. In his step is the heaviness of stupid sloth. The scars of strife are on his swollen cheeks.

3. The rage of malice flashes from his eyes. His uncombed hair, all matted, stands erect. On his lips are the words of deceit and falsehood.

4. Ignorance is a cap of disgrace to his head; and vice and impiety dwell in his heart. He is the idle and worthless truant.

5. Behold him as he now skulks along yonder lane. How slyly he walks. He stops to look into every bush, that he sees on his right hand and on his left.

6. He knows that he is not in the way, that leads to the object which it is his duty to seek, yet he scorns to turn away from it.

7. His eye looks around for a companion in crime. His ear eagerly listens for the whistled signal.

8. As the voice of the charmer is to the adder that is too deaf to be charmed, so is the voice of instruction to him that is too vicious to be taught. He creeps into the thick wood, lest he should be seen and sent back to school.

9. The fear of punishment is in his breast, for he has neglected every duty. Learning is his abhorrence; and he loathes those who would teach him, as he loathes the knowledge which they would impart to him.

10. He looks upon them as foes, and he flies to folly "as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life."

11. Wretched are the parents of such a son!—Grief and shame are theirs. His name shall be stamped with the mark of infamy when their poor broken hearts moulder in the grave!

XXXV. Lesson Thirty-fifth.—*The Diligent Scholar.*

1. Who is he that leaves his bed, eager to resume his studies, as soon as the soaring lark receives, on her speckled breast, the first ray of the rising sun?

2. He comes forth clothed in the garments of neatness. In his step is the lightness of active industry.

3. The glow of health is on his rosy cheeks. The light of gladness sparkles in his eyes. His graceful locks fall lightly round his neck.

4. On his lips are the words of candor and truth. Knowledge is an ornament of grace to his head; and virtue and piety dwell in his heart.

5. He is the diligent and worthy scholar. Behold him as he now comes across the green, with his satchel of books at his back?

6. How briskly he walks! He stops not to consider, whether he shall take the right hand path or the left.

7. He knows which is the nearest way to the object, which it is his duty to seek, and he scorns to turn away from it. His eye does not regard yon crowd of idle boys. His ear does not listen to their noisy games.

8. As the north star is to the sailor when he crosses the ocean, so is the distant school-house to him when he crosses the green.

9. He quickens his footsteps lest he should be a minute after his time. There is no fear of punishment in his breast, for he has neglected no duty.

10. Learning is his delight; and he loves those who teach him as he loves the knowledge which he *gains from* them. He looks upon them as fathers, *from whom* he receives that instruction, which has *been wisely* called the "life of the soul."

11. Happy are the parents of such a son. Gladness and triumph are theirs. His name shall be crowned with honor by the virtuous and the good, when the pious counsels of his father and mother are heard no more, and their heads are laid in the silent grave.

XXXVI. Lesson Thirty-sixth.—*The Riches of the Earth.*

1. You must understand that there is not only great variety, in what grows out of the ground, but even in the earth itself. Look at the walks; some of them are of a yellowish red color.

2. That is gravel: does it not make pretty walks? it is exceedingly good for the roads likewise, which would soon be very bad, where there are a great many carriages continually going, if they did not spread gravel upon them to keep them in repair.

3. Of another kind of earth bricks are made, which are afterward used in building houses, walls, &c.

4. Chalk comes out of the earth. That is very useful to lay upon some sorts of land, in order to make what the farmer purposes to sow there grow the better: it is likewise burnt to make lime of, which, mixed with sand, makes mortar for the bricklayers to fasten their bricks; for they would fall down if they were not cemented together.

5. Stone and marble are dug out of the ground When they find a vast quantity together, they call the place a quarry.

6. Some fine churches and castles are built of stone. Marble is used for chimney-pieces, slabs, and ornaments, in elegant houses.

7. *Coals are likewise* dug out of the earth, *with which we make fires* to warm us.

8. Out of the earth are dug gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, tin; these are called metals. Look at my watch; this is gold; coins are likewise made of it, and it may be beaten into leaves thinner than paper.

9. Gold is the most valuable of all metals. This dollar is made of silver, which, though inferior to gold, is yet much esteemed. It is used for coffee-pots, candlesticks, waiters, spoons, and a hundred other things, which people who can purchase them make use of.

10. Lead is very heavy: there is great plenty of it to be had, and it is of the utmost service to us; for it is made into cisterns, pipes, weights, and a variety of other conveniences.

11. Our saucepans and kettles are made of copper, which would be very unwholesome if they were not lined with tin; which is a whitish metal, softer than silver, yet harder than lead. Cents are made of copper.

12. Iron is one of the most serviceable things we have; most kinds of tools that are used in the fields and gardens, are partly made of it; likewise most of those which are employed in different trades, have generally some iron about them; in short, it would take up a great deal of time, to tell you the whole of its value. Knives, scissors, and axes are made of steel, which is iron hardened by the use of heat and charcoal.

13. All kinds of precious stones, likewise, are found in the earth: diamonds, rubies, emeralds, topazes, &c. They do not look so fine when they are first dug up, for there is much patience and labor required in cutting and polishing them

14. Now you see, that every thing, when we examine it, is curious and amusing. None need go *sauntering* about, complaining that they have no*thing to divert* them, when they may find entertain*ment in every* object in nature.

XXXVII. Lesson Thirty-seventh.—*The Young Soldiers.*

1. Oh! were you ne'er a school-boy!
And did you never train,
And feel that swelling of the heart
You ne'er can feel again?
Didst never meet, far down the street,
With plumes and banners gay,
While the kettle, for the kettle-drum
Played your march, march away?

2. It seems to me but yesterday,
Nor scarce so long ago,
Since we shouldered our muskets
To charge the fearful foe.
Our muskets were of cedar wood,
With ramrod bright and new;
With bayonet for ever set,
And painted barrel, too.

3. We charged upon a flock of geese,
And put them all to flight,
Except one sturdy gander
That thought to show us fight;
But, ah! we knew a thing or two;
Our captain wheeled the van—
We routed him, we scouted him,
Nor lost a single man.

4. Our captain was as brave a lad
As e'er commission bore;
All brightly shone his new tin sword,
(A paper cap he wore:)
He led us up the steep hill-side,
Against the western wind,
While the cockerel plume that decked his head
Stream'd bravely out behind.

5. We shouldered arms, we carried arms,
We charged the bayonet;
(And wo unto the mullein stalk
That in our course we met.)
At two o'clock the roll we called,
And to the close of day,
With our brave and plumed captain,
We fought the mimic fray,—
Till the supper bell, from out the dell,
Bade us march, march away.

XXXVIII. Lesson Thirty-eighth.—*The Beggar Man.*

1. *Around* the fire, one wintry night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot lent its blazing light,
And jokes went round, and careless chat.

2. When, hark! a gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the bolted door;
And thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t' implore:

3. Cold blows the blast across the moor;
The sleet drives hissing in the wind;
Yon toilsome mountain lies before;
A dreary treeless waste behind.

4. My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path, can I descry;
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen inclement sky.

5. So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my palsied frame can bear;
My freezing heart forgets to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

6. Open your hospitable door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,
The weary moor that I have pass'd.

7. With hasty steps the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar man,
With shaking limbs, and blue-pale face.

8. The little children flocking came,
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs;
And busily the good old dame
A comfortable mess prepares.

9. Their kindness cheered his drooping soul;
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek
The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

10. The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their merry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

XXXIX. Lesson Thirty-ninth.—*The Town Boy and the Country Boy.*

1. James Brown was born at a farm-house. He had not seen a town or a city, when he was ten years old.

2. James Brown rose from his bed at six in the morning during the summer. The men and maids of a farm-house rise much sooner than that hour, and go to their daily work. Some yoke the oxen to the plough, some bring the horses in from the field, some mend the hedges, some manure the land, some sow seed in the ground, and some plant young trees.

3. These, who have the care of the sheep and cows, take their flocks from the fold, and lead them to their pasture on the hills, or in the green meadows by the running brook. The maids, meanwhile, haste to milk the cows, then churn the butter, put the cheese into the cheese-press, clean their dairy, and feed the pigs, geese, turkeys, ducks, and chickens.

4. James Brown did not work in the fields; so when he rose from his bed, his first care was to wash his face and hands, to comb and brush his hair; and when these things were done, and he had said his morning prayers, he went with his father about the farm, or weeded the garden. Garden-work was very proper for a boy of his age and size.

5. James Brown had a cousin named Thomas, and *Thomas Brown* once came to pay James a visit. The *two boys* were very glad to see each other, and *Thomas told* James of the famous city where he lived.

6. He spoke of the spacious paved streets, crowded all day by throngs of people, and lighted at night by rows, on each side of the way, of glass lamps.

7. He told him of the fine toy-shops, where all kinds of playthings for children are sold; such as bats, balls, kites, marbles, tops, drums, trumpets, whips, wheelbarrows, shuttles, and dolls.

8. And of other great shops, where linens, muslins, silks, laces, and ribands, fill the windows, and make quite a gay picture to attract the passers-by. He described also the noble buildings, and the great river, with its fine arched bridges, built of stone.

9. Thomas Brown talked very fast on these subjects, and as James, who had never seen any thing of the kind, was quite silent, and seemed as much surprised as pleased with all that he heard, Thomas began to think his cousin was but a dull stupid sort of a boy.

10. But the next morning, when they went out into the fields, he found that James had as much knowledge as himself, though not of the same kind. Thomas knew not wheat from barley, nor oats from rye; nor did he know the oak-tree from the elm, nor the ash from the willow.

11. He had heard that bread was made of wheat, but he had never seen it thrashed in a barn from the stalks, nor had he ever seen a mill grinding it into flour.

12. He knew nothing of the manner of making and baking bread, of brewing malt and hops into beer, or of the churning of butter. Nor did he even know that the skins of cows, calves, oxen, horses, sheep, and goats were made into leather.

13. James Brown perfectly knew these, and many *other things of the* same nature; and he willingly *taught his cousin to* understand some of the arts, that *belong to the practice* of husbandry.

14. These friendly and observing boys, after t time, met always once a year, and they were ea in their separate stations to acquire knowledge, t they might impart it to each other at the end of twelvemonth. So that Thomas, while living in crowded city, gained a knowledge of farming, and that relates to a country life; and James, thou dwelling a hundred miles from the city, knew all curious things it contained.

XL. Lesson Fortieth.—*The Horse.*

1. Horses are sent to market, but not to be kill Horse-flesh is not good to eat; it is carrion, and o fit for dogs and crows. Horses are noble creature

2. That is a riding horse. See how he leaps a bounds, now he is at liberty. But though he is strong, can kick hard, and raise himself upon his hi legs, he is so gentle that he will suffer himself to mounted, and guided any way.

3. His legs are slenderer, and his body not so hea as the ox, so that he can move nimbly; neither is back so broad but that a man can easily sit across it

4. He has hoofs also; but as he travels so mu they would be worn out, therefore all persons w keep horses, should be careful to let them have i shoes, to keep their feet from being bruised. T smith makes them, and nails them on, which, if d cleverly, does not hurt the horses at all.

5. Don't you wish that you could ride on hor back? When you are old enough you shall be tau to ride, and learn to manage a horse; but if y *get on one* by yourself, without knowing what to *he may run* away with you and kill you.

6. *There* was a little boy who wanted to ride *had not patience* to stay, till his father bou

pretty little gentle nag for him; but got upon servant's horse, which was hung at the gate.

7. He laid hold of the bridle, and could not re the stirrups; gave the horse a cut with a stick, away he galloped with him so fast, that the little b was thrown off with his head against a stone, whi fractured his skull, and he was taken up dead; a yet that was not a vicious horse, when he had skilful rider on his back: the accident was entirel owing to the child's not knowing how to manage th bridle.

8. There was another little boy, who was alway running into the stables amongst the horses, and one day he was kicked, and had his ribs broken, for the horse did not know that it was a little boy at his heels.

9. Those fine large bay horses, with black manes, and tails, are coach horses; they are stronger, but not so nimble as the others; those with great clumsy legs and rough coats are cart-horses. There is another sort of horses, which are very beautiful and swift; they run races, and carry their masters when they hunt; but it is very expensive to keep them.

10. We can walk but a little way in a day, as we soon tire on foot; but when we are upon a horse's back, we can travel a great many miles, and see our friends who live at a distance; and it is very pleasant to go n coaches.

11. Now these pleasures we could not have without orses; don't you think that we ought therefore to e them well? Besides, we could not tell how to anage many things without them, for it would be ceeding hard work, for *strong* men to do what horses n perform with ease.

'2. It *is* extremely fatiguing to a poor boy, with his *y nailed* shoes, to walk by the side of a plough ay; *but* do not you think it would be a great de

harder to him, were he forced to draw it along through the tough ground; and how would *men* be able to move heavy wagons and carts, and other great loads, without the help of horses?

13. So I think that the least we can do is, to give them plenty of oats and hay, and a warm stable at night. Don't you think those people are very barbarous who ride them too hard, who whip and spur them till they are ready to die? and yet such cruelties are exercised every day; but remember that it is both foolish and wicked to act in that manner.

XLI. Lesson Forty-first.—*Lucy Gray.*

1. Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

2. No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew:
She dwelt on a wide moor,—
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

3. You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

4. "To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

5. "That, father! will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The Minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

6. At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a fagot-band;
He plied his work—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

7. Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

8. The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb;
But never reached the town.

9. The wretched parents, all that night,
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for their guide.

10. At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

11. And, turning homeward, now they cried
"In heaven we all shall meet!"—
When, in the snow, the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

12. Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small:
And through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
And by the long stone wall:

13. They followed from the snowy bank
The footmarks one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

14. Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

15 O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

XLII. Lesson Forty-second.—*The Charm.*

1. One afternoon Mrs. Harcourt and her little daughter Louisa, were sitting together in their comfortable parlor. There had been a dead silence on both sides for some time, an unusual circumstance when Louisa was in the room: for her tongue generally ran quite as fast as a little girl's tongue can run, when talking to a much loved and affectionate mother.

2. Louisa Harcourt had recently spent more than a year with her grandmother, who was, like many other grandmothers, very kind, and very sensible, but somewhat too indulgent towards her little pet.

3. The latter was a remarkably generous, open-hearted, candid child, and possessed of excellent talents: but had a high temper, not sufficiently restrained, and was prone to be overbearing among her young companions. Since her return, her mother had with sorrow perceived this fault, and had endeavored to correct it; but, as yet, without success.

4. At length Louisa broke the silence; "O, mother," said she, "how I wish that a fairy would give me a *charm, that* might make people love me!"

Mrs. H. Make people love you! why, my dear, are *you not loved* already?

Louisa. I know that you love me, and that father

loves me; but everybody does not love me. I heard Ann Sinclair observe the other day, that she could not bear me; and Mary Gray said, that I was so cross, she wished I would leave school.

Mrs. H. I am very sorry to hear this, my dear; very, indeed; I hope you have done nothing to inspire them with dislike towards you.

Louisa. Nothing that I know of, mother.

Mrs. H. And do they never provoke you, Louisa, and make you angry?

Louisa. O yes, often; they are so ill-natured, that they seem to delight in teasing me.

Mrs. H. Which of all your schoolmates do you prefer, my love?

Louisa. Emma Harris, to be sure: I like her much better than any other girl. Oh, I love her dearly!

Mrs. H. And can my little Louisa tell me why Emma Harris is her favorite?

Louisa. You would not ask that question, mother, if you knew her. I am sure no one could help loving Emma; she is so good, gentle, and amiable. I don't remember seeing her angry, or even out of temper once since I have known her.

Mrs. H. She must indeed have cherished a good disposition, and *therefore* she is esteemed by all her companions. And why cannot my little Louisa be equally esteemed?

Louisa. Because—I suppose it is because I am not so good as she is.

Mrs. H. And would you not like to be loved as Emma Harris is?

Louisa. Oh, dearly, mother!

Mrs. H. And if you thought that it would win the affections of others, would you not be willing to watch over *yourself*, to endeavor to correct your faults, and *to become gentle*, sweet-tempered, and obliging as *your friend*? Make the effort to imitate her. It will

indeed, be difficult at first; but on every occasion try to check the risings of ill-humor, and be as mild and as pleasant as you can, and you will soon find, that besides being regarded with kindness by your companions, you will always feel happier than at present; for you will be conscious of having acted aright, and that will be your greatest reward. Be assured, my dear, that the *only charm* which can secure to you the attachment of your associates, is *amiableness* of feeling and deportment.

Louisa said nothing, but appeared to be engaged in earnest reflection; from that hour a very sensible improvement was observed in her conduct; and she soon ceased to complain that she was not beloved by those around her.

XLIII. Lesson Forty-third.—*The Lapland Boy.*

1. I'm a little Lapland boy,
What care I for gold or toy?
Tell me not of foreign bowers,
Fruitful fields, or blooming flowers.
Mine's a better country—though
Covered with perpetual snow.

2. Tell me not of cities grand,
Beautified by sea and land;
Heap your tables, fill your rooms,
Dress in silk and breathe perfumes,
Take of luxury your fill,
Know, that I am richer still.

3. *I have* wealth without its wantings,
I've the world without its hauntings;

Nothing for yourselves you do,
Thousands minister to you;
And as many viands meet,
To supply what you must eat.

4. I can slumber on the ground,
Though the snow-drifts lie around;
That 's a noble feast to me,
Which to you a fast would be:
Speak not then of gaud or toy
To the hardy Lapland boy.

5. Taught to brave the storm and cold,
Like the mountains firm and bold;
'Custom'd, from my earliest year,
Nothing but disgrace to fear,
In the good reindeer I find
All I need, and all I mind.
Food and harness, bed and clothes,
And myself to fashion those.

6. What to me would be a throne,
When I have a sledge my own?
Dare your racers *that* pursue,
When my deer are harness'd to?

7. Could your ships of state and pride,
Sail where my canoe will glide?
Would your stoutest matrons bear
What my little sisters dare?
Were your splendid warriors here,
Could they throw my father's spear?

8. America, I've heard of thee,
Thou art called the brave and free,
But it is my pride and joy
That I am a Lapland boy.

XLIV. Lesson Forty-fourth.—*The American Boy*

1. Closely wrapp'd in robe of fur,
Hardy little Laplander,
Listen to the pride and joy
Of America's young boy.
I'll not tell thee of our bowers,
Rich with fruit and gay with flowers,
Nor will I provoke thy frown
By descriptions of the town.

2. Call our wealth—a golden trouble,
Call our arts—a glorious bubble;
All our pleasures, all our ease,
Mock them, young Diogenes:
I can give thee honor due,
Thou art simple, generous, true;
A contented mind thy feast,
And thy ignorance not the least.

3. I can envy thee the wealth
Of thy hardihood and health;
But when thou dost pity me,
I can only smile at thee!

4. Lapland boy, upon thy snow,
Does the tree of knowledge grow?
Having travell'd far and fast,
Know'st thou aught of ages past?
Is not thought within thee shut,
Like thy body in thy hut?
Doth not superstition's shade
Thy immortal part degrade?
Dost thou know a fate more high
Than to drive thy sledge—and die?

5. Little Laplander, in thee,
Theme of joy and grief I see;
Joy that thou canst thus content thee
With the scanty blessings lent thee;
Sorrow that thou canst not prize
Those that make man good and wise.

6. Thus the rugged Goths of yore
Scorn'd the Roman arts and lore;
Thus our ancient fathers stood,
Savages in mind and mood;
Ye are now, what they were then,
Only less ferocious men;
What their children are may ye,
In the lapse of ages, be!

XLV. Lesson Forty-fifth.—*Insects.*

. Take care, Charlotte, mind where you tread! r you might have destroyed a city for aught I w. Look at those little busy ants; they are at k as hard as possible.

. Do you know that they get all the corn they can, lay it up against the winter comes? They bury r dead, carry their young ones about, and do many rious things. If all men and women were as pro- nt as they are, there would not be so many beg- .

. Let us go and see the bees at work in their glass es. See, they are in a great bustle: surely there ome curious work going on.

. Curious, indeed, my dear! all the honey and c we have is the work of these little creatures. ey *fly about*, and with a kind of trunk they have, *suck something* sweet out of the flowers; others *aterials for the* wax and form the honey-comb. It

which the honey is deposited. Are they not surprising?

5. The cells join exactly together; there is no lost. This whole swarm of bees are subject t bee, which we call the queen; they follow her ever she goes, and will suffer themselves to be sooner than forsake her.

6. But I must not tell you every particular them, because I want you to read the account selves in the books of natural history. Most keep bees in straw or wooden hives, and burn th soon as they have finished their combs, in order their honey; but I bought these glass ones on pu to have the pleasure of seeing them work, without obliged to kill them.

7. When the honey is taken you shall see is managed, and I will treat you with some for supper. Should you at any time have a cou sore throat, I will make a medicine with honey which will help to cure you: so pray remembe useful bees are, and never hurt them.

8. Keep in mind also, that not even the le these creatures, which I have shown to you, is all are employed.

9. They do not saunter away their time, bu care of their families, and build houses. The ones learn readily what the old ones show the to do; and little boys and girls should likewise sirous of improving from the instructions that are them.

10. It is very fatiguing to teach children all t necessary for them to learn, and very expensive If they do not accept of knowledge when it is o *people will* grow tired of instructing them; and *will be laughed* at and despised for their igno *The days* pass heavily along, when spent in *and folly.*

XLVI. Lesson Forty-sixth.—*The Sparrow and the Hare.*

1. Never deride the unfortunate. A kind word is almost as good as a helping hand. But a taunt to one who is in trouble is cruel and unjust.

2. A hare, being seized by an eagle, uttered the most pitiful cries. A sparrow that sat upon a tree just by, and saw the affair, called out to the hare, "So, ho! what, sit there and be killed! Up and away, my fine fellow. I dare say, if you would but try, so swift a creature as you are, would easily escape from an eagle."

3. As he was going on with his cruel raillery, down came a hawk and snapped him up, and, without regarding his cries for mercy, fell to devouring him in an instant.

4. The hare, who was just expiring, addressing her last words to the sparrow, said, "You, who just now *insulted my mis*fortune, with so much security as you *thought*, may please to show us how well you can *bear the like*, now it has befallen you."

XLVII. Lesson Forty-seventh.—*The Microscope.*

1. Here is the microscope; in it is a magnifying glass, that is, a glass which makes every thing appear larger than it does to the naked eye; some magnify much more; but this will answer our purpose.

2. Now some wonders will be presented to your sight. In this box are a set of objects, ready prepared for us. Now the glass is fixed. Pray, sir, let the lady look first: if you are a philosopher, do not forget you are a gentleman.

3. Can you guess what this is, Charlotte? Do you look, Henry. It is only *part* of a feather of a goose, but appears like an *entire* one.

4. This is a bit of a peacock's, examine it before I put it in; now view it, and you will perceive it to be perfectly beautiful.

5. I am going to show you the feet, wings, and head of a common fly; this is its leg, see the claws; the head appears to have a hundred eyes.

6. I must show you the parts of a bee. See what a dreadful weapon the sting appears. Ah! Henry, I hope you will be cautious how you catch bees again: and I am sure you will not take a pleasure in tormenting flies, now you see what limbs they have.

7. You may assure yourself that they suffer great agony, when their wings and legs are torn off. I never could endure, without great uneasiness, to see a fly spinning, as they call it, on a pin.

8. The noise and humming it makes, is its way of crying and groaning. Let me beg of you, therefore, Henry, if you wish to be thought a boy of a generous *spirit, never* to take pleasure in hurting any thing that *is less and* weaker than yourself.

9. *Think* how you should like to have a man tie a

string about you, and pull you along, and whirl you about in the air till you lost your senses, break your limbs, and perhaps throw you down at last and tread upon you.

10. I must show you this bean; you know I told you that all plants grow from seeds: this is the seed of a bean. I have split it open, and at bottom you may see the little plant. It is at present too tender to bear the earth next to it, so you see it is provided with a covering.

11. The white part of the bean will nourish the plant till it is stronger, when it will spring out, and the white will drop off, and leave it to the earth, where it will increase every day, till it grows up and comes to perfection.

12. It is just the same with all vegetables, from the humble grass to the stately oak; only in very little plants, we cannot discover them without exceeding good glasses.

13. I had like to have forgot this butterfly's wing; there you see the holes where the quills came out, and here some of the bits of dust, which you may convince yourself are actually feathers. I must show you this little insect, which came off a rose leaf; and here is a drop of vinegar full of little things like eels.

14. You must not pore too long, for it will hurt your eyes. I have only shown you these, to convince you that a curious search may discover new wonders; and were you to keep on to the end of a long life, you would not see them all.

15. What does your brother say, Charlotte? That he wishes his eyes were microscopes. Alas, my dear boy! you know not what you wish for. If that was the case, we should see very surprising things to *be sure; but then*, what we now look at with pleasure, *would* become monstrous to us.

16. *Men* and women would appear so large to

we could only see a bit of them at once. We shoul not know a house from a wall, an ox from a mou tain, and should be involved in a thousand difficultie

17. If we came to a brook, we might mistake it fc a river; take a cat for a tiger, a mouse for a bear: i short, absurdities out of number would follow. S rest contented, that your eyes can see with ease ever thing that is useful or hurtful to you; and if you wa to be curious, there are glasses to assist you.

XLVIII. Lesson Forty-eighth.—*The Effects of bad Company.*

1. The moon was shining on a clear cold night, an it was near ten o'clock, and all the children of th village of Newton, except one, were in bed, and asleep

2. That one, whose name was Frank Lawless, wa above three miles from home, weeping with pain an fear, alone, forlorn, cold, and wretched, with no shel ter but a leafless hedge, and no seat but a hard stone while his father and mother were running wildly abou the fields and lanes, not knowing what had become o their naughty boy.

3. Frank Lawless had been playing truant that day and was met by his father with a number of bad boys to whom he ought not at any time to have spoken.

4. They were the children of bad men, and mos likely they had never been taught what was right so that if they said wicked words, told lies, and too things which did not belong to them, one could scarcel wonder at it; but that Frank Lawless, who had th means of knowing the value of good conduct an *good* manners, should choose such boys for his friend *and playfellows*, was indeed most strange.

5. *Yet thus* it was; their shouting, laughing, a *vulgar mirth* pleased Frank. They had also a g

share of cunning, and found the way to manage him, so as to get from him what they wanted to have.

6. When they told Frank that he was very handsome and very clever, and that it was a shame so fine a boy should be forced to go to school, if he did not like it, he was silly enough to be pleased, and gave them in return his playthings and his money.

7. Nay, he would even take sugar, cakes, fruit, and sweetmeats, from his mother's store-room, to bestow on those ill-chosen friends; and their false pretence of love for him, made him quite careless of gaining the real love of his father and mother.

8. On meeting his son in the midst of these wicked children, Mr. Lawless was very angry, and taking him home by force, he gave him a severe reproof, and then locked him up in his chamber.

9. Frank, who had lately grown very sullen and froward, was far from being sorry for his fault, and said to himself, that his father was both cross and cruel, and wished to prevent his being happy.

10. With these wicked thoughts in his head, he began to contrive how to make his escape; and the window not being very high above the ground, and having a vine growing up to it, whose branches would serve as a sort of ladder, he got out, reached the ground, and passing unseen through the garden-gate, ran with all his speed till he came up to the boys, who were still at the cruel sport of robbing birds'-nests, in the lane where he had left them.

11. But he did not seem half as welcome to them now as in the morning, when he had brought a pocket full of apples; and as he said he was come to live with them, and should never go home again, their manner was quite changed.

12. *One took* away his hat, and another his shoes. *They cut sticks* to make a bonfire, and having got a *great pile, they* made Frank carry it.

3. The weight was too much for him, and wh
et it fall, they gave him hard words and still hard
ws. He now began to find, that the service of t
:ked is by no means so easy, as to obey the co
nds of the good.

LIX. Lesson Forty-ninth.—*The rest of the sa Story.*

1. While Frank Lawless was toiling under his hea
load of sticks, the boys were laying a plan to rob
orchard. It was the autumn season of the year, a
all the fruit of the orchard was gone, except the pea
of one tree, which, as it stood very near the dwellin
house of the owner of the orchard, these boys h
been afraid to climb.

2. Now, having Frank Lawless in their power, th
thought of making him, in the dusk of the eveni
commit the theft, and run all the hazard, while t
staid in safety by the hedge, ready to receive the st
fruit.

3. Frank, dreading what might happen to hir
the daring attempt, begged and prayed them n
force him there; but he had made himself a sla
hard taskmasters, and they cuffed and kicked hir
to escape from their hands, he climbed the tree.

4. Scarcely had Frank pulled half a dozen
when his false friends heard the farmer who
the orchard, come singing up the lane; and, t
themselves from being thought to have any
with it, they began to pelt Frank with stones,
aloud—"*See! see! there is a boy robbing Wright's pear-tree.*"

5. Frank got down as quickly as he could
soon enough to escape the angry farmer,
him a *most* severe horsewhipping, while

had brought him into this sad scrape, stood laughing, hooting, and clapping their hands.

6. It was useless to try to excuse himself; he had been seen in the tree, the pears were found in his pocket, and the farmer, after whipping him without mercy, pushed him out of the orchard, and bid him begone.

7. Smarting now with pain, and almost blinded by his tears, he ran to get away from the false and cruel boys, who were making sport of what they had caused him to suffer, when one, still more wicked than the rest, threw a great stone after him, which, hitting his anklebone, gave him such exquisite torture, that he sunk on the ground, not able to proceed a step further.

8. The boys made off in alarm at what they had done, and Frank, in terror and in pain, sat sobbing on a stone, till he was found by his father, who had been searching for him in the greatest distress.

9. His father took him home, warmed and fed him, and healed his bruises, though, after such extremely bad conduct, he could not esteem and caress him like a good child.

10. It was happy for Frank Lawless that he took the warning of that day. He had gained nothing but shame, pain, and sorrow by his choice of wicked friends, and from that time he chose with more wisdom.

11. Good conduct brought him back to his father's favor, and now, at ten o'clock at night, when the moon and stars were shining in the sky, and the air was cold and frosty, Frank Lawless was always snug in bed, like the rest of the good children of the little village of Newton.

L. Lesson Fiftieth.—*Story of Mr. Ross Cox and the Bear.*

1. I will tell you a story which I have just read. It is related by Mr. Ross Cox, who spent some time amongst the Indian tribes near the Rocky Mountains, and whose account of his adventures I am sure you will like to read, when you are older.

2. On one occasion it happened, that having been very much fatigued by travelling for many hours under a very hot sun, he sat down to rest, and to eat some wild cherries in a beautiful arbor, formed by the wild cherry-trees and currant-bushes, and sumachs, and honeysuckles, wild roses, and hawthorn. In the cool pleasant shade he fell asleep, and did not wake from his long nap, till late in the afternoon.

3. He had travelled with the party, and had, in the course of the morning, given his gun to one of his attendants to carry, and had placed his great coat on one of the loaded horses, which was a serious loss to him, now evening was coming on; for in that latitude, though it is very hot when the sun is high, the nights are very cold and piercing.

4. He started from his soft mossy seat, he looked about, all were gone; he listened, all was silent; he ran to the place where they had made a fire, to cook their provisions when they first rested; he called till he was hoarse, but no one answered.

5. I suppose his companions had imagined he was gone forwards, and had set out to overtake him. So there he was, alone in a wild country, with bears, lynxes, wolves, and rattlesnakes in the woods around *him, and he* without a gun, a coat, or even a hat, for he *had left this* behind him in the arbor, and still hoping *to overtake* his friends, he would not lose time in *going back* to fetch it.

6. He traced the footsteps of the horses as long as he could, but, at last, these were lost in a gravelly and rocky chain of hills; and night came on while he was in this deserted situation.

7. A fortnight passed away before he met with his companions again; and many curious, and some of them frightful adventures, happened to him during his wanderings.

8. One night, on looking about for a place to sleep in, he observed lying on the ground the hollow trunk of a large pine-tree, which had been destroyed by lightning. He got into this snug cradle, and covering himself up with loose pieces of bark, quickly fell asleep.

9. At the end of about two hours, he was awakened by the growling of a bear, which had removed part of his bark *counterpane*, and was leaning over him with his snout, as if considering how to get him out of his pine-tree case.

10. Up jumped Mr. Cox, seized his stout stick, which he had taken care to provide himself with, as he had no gun, and shouting as loud as he could, he startled the bear so much, that it went off to a short distance; there it stopped, waited a bit, took fresh courage, and returned again to the attack.

11. As Mr. Cox felt very weak, from having been, for many days fed only on what wild fruits and berries he could find, and having suffered very much from want of water to drink, he thought it most prudent, not to wait to grapple with the enemy, but rather to try to escape.

12. So away he ran, and scrambled up the nearest tree. Up clambered Bruin after him; but Mr. Cox got to a branch, which I suppose was not strong enough *for the bear to* venture on; so there stayed the poor *gentleman*, striking as hard as he could with his stick *at the bear's* muzzle and claws, as the creature poke

them by turns forward to try to reach him, till at last it went growling away, and where do you think it settled itself for the night? Actually in the very pine-tree crib, which Mr. Cox had been obliged to jump out of and it kept a close watch on the prisoner in the tree.

13. Every time Mr. Cox tried to creep down, up started the bear, ready to seize on him; and he passed the night not very comfortably, peeping out on his enemy from the tree, and yet scarcely able to keep awake from fatigue.

14. In the morning, just after sunrise, think how rejoiced he must have been, to see the shaggy beast jog slowly off, to seek for his morning's meal; and you may easily suppose he lost as little time as possible, as soon as the bear was fairly out of sight, in making his escape in a quite contrary direction.

15. Mr. Cox gives a sad history, of the wars between the different Indian tribes, on account of their love of buffalo flesh, which is *beef* to them—you know, that the buffalo is an animal of the ox kind.

16. There are, he says, extensive plains to the eastward of the mountains, where great herds of buffaloes come to feed, during the summer and autumn months. The Indians watch this opportunity to hunt them, that they may dry their flesh for provision in the winter months, and make war on each other's possession of the hunting grounds.

LI. Lesson Fifty-first.—*The Stork found in bad Company.*

1. A stork happened to fall into company with a *flock of* wild geese, who were going to feed upon the *new-sown* grain of a farmer.

2. *Although* he had no desire to partake of the food *which they* were seeking, and had a great horror of

such a piece of roguery as stealing the farmer's grain and destroying his hopes of a harvest; yet he was weak and foolish enough, to accompany these thieves in their excursion, just for the sake of their company.

3. But bad company is a great deal worse than none, and so the poor stork learnt to his cost; for he had hardly alighted, with his new friends, in the field, when a net was thrown over him by the farmer, and he found himself a prisoner.

4. The stork pleaded hard for his life, and, among other arguments, alleged that he was no goose, and had taken no part in the theft; but he was a poor harmless stork, who, as all the world knew, had always been friendly to mankind, and serviceable to them in picking up noxious reptiles; and was, moreover a pattern of duty and affection to his aged parents.

5. "*All this* may be true," said the farmer, "for *aught I know*; but I doubt it mainly, and as I have *taken you in* society with thieves, you must share it

same fate with them." People, now-a-days, are known by the company they keep, and are dealt with accordingly.

6. So the poor stork was strangled with the geese, and thus paid the penalty, as many persons have done since, of a thoughtless association with evil companions.

LII. Lesson Fifty-second.—*Gold and Silver.*

1. Gold is usually placed first in the list of metals, and has by almost all nations, in all ages, been considered the most valuable of them all. It is difficult to find a sufficient reason for this preference. Gold is, as we know, not by any means the most *useful* of them; nevertheless, it has some peculiar properties, which, perhaps, with its beautiful color, have contributed to raise its value.

2. It is the most *ductile* of all metals, and of all substances whatever; that is, the most pliant, flexible, and capable of being drawn out, or spread out without breaking.

3. Now remember what I am about to tell you:—a single pound of gold may be drawn into a wire long enough to go round the globe! It may be hammered into leaves, that are forty times thinner than common writing paper. You see, therefore, of what astonishingly fine particles gold consists.

4. This quality of extreme *ductility*, makes it possible to gild a very large surface with a very little gold. Articles that are thus covered, as picture-frames and watch-cases, have the rich and splendid hue of gold *itself, and that* with comparatively trifling cost.

5. *Another* valuable quality of gold is, that it does *not rust*. You know, a piece of iron, or steel, however *brightly* polished, if exposed for any length of

time to damp air, will become red and rough, and in time would be almost consumed by the mere effect of moisture; but a gold wire, thinner than a hair, would remain uninjured in any climate.

6. Gold is found chiefly in countries where it is always warm. In certain parts of Africa it is found in small grains, mixed with the sand of rivers. They take a quantity of this sand and mix it with water, when the gold, by its own weight, sinks to the bottom; thus, by repeated cleansings, they get rid of the sand entirely.

7. But gold, like other metals, is, in general, procured from deep pits, or rather caverns, dug in the earth, called *mines*. You must not, however, suppose that the miners find it in bars, or in lumps, all bright and shining, ready to their hand.

8. The substance from which it is procured is called *ore*, and so little does it resemble the gold it contains, that if you were to dig in your garden and find a gold mine, that is, a mine of gold ore, I am sure you would not guess, from its appearance, that you had found a treasure.

9. Ore, in general, is a dark-looking, stony sort of a thing, rough, shapeless, and heavy, according to the metal which is in it. The ore is put into furnaces, and after a vast deal of trouble, they succeed in obtaining from a great quantity of ore, a small quantity of gold.

10. But the trouble does not end there. Gold, when produced pure from the ore, or as nearly pure as they can get it, is so *soft* as to be unfit even to make money of; it must therefore be mixed with another metal (usually copper) to make it fit to be handled. This added substance is called *alloy*.

11. Gold is heavier than any other metal but *platina, which is not* often to be met with, as it is *procured only in* very small quantities, and for particular *purposes*.

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12. What has been said of gold may be said of silver, nearly; it is beautifully white, and takes a fine polish. Silver, as well as gold, is not liable to rust from the air, and may, by its *ductility*, be extended in wonderfully fine leaves and wires; but not to the same degree as gold. It is heavier than iron or copper, but not so heavy as lead.

13. When the Spaniards took possession of the various provinces in America, they had the fortune to discover the richest gold and silver mines in the world. The quantity of silver obtained by them from Mexico and Peru has been prodigious.

14. I said that metals are usually found in a state of ore: but in some mountains of the New World, silver is so abundant as to lie in veins, like the roots of trees, solid, and nearly pure.

15. It is said that a famous silver mine was once accidentally found out, by a man climbing the steep side of a rugged mountain, in doing which he stumbled, and catching hold of a bush, his weight tore it from the roots, when he perceived something white underneath: this proved to be a heavy piece of actual silver!

16. But the riches, thus obtained by Spain, have done that country more harm than good, and have gradually debased the ancient character of the nation, by rendering them luxurious and indolent. A bag of money would be a bag of mischief, to all those who know not the right use of it.

17. Many parts of our own country, have lately been found to yield gold in considerable quantities, so that a great deal is procured every year. I hope that the riches of these gold regions, may not be the *means of* corruption and debasement, to their owners *and to the* country.

LIII. Lesson Fifty-third.—*Copper.*

1. Copper resembles gold a little in color and in ductility, but in nothing else; it is easily *tarnished*, or discolored, and if polished ever so well, soon becomes green and foul by exposure to the air. The green rust of copper is called *verdigris*, and is a most deadly poison.

2. Copper has many useful qualities: it is much lighter than lead, and as it rusts but slowly, and only the surface, it is sometimes used for roofing buildings; but it is much more expensive.

3. It is harder and more *ductile* than lead: it may be hammered into plates of almost any shape; but this property of enduring the hammer, without breaking, is termed *malleability; ductility* is the quality of being *drawn* out without blows. A piece of copper, the size of a cent, may be beaten almost into the shape of a hollow globe: this capability makes copper particularly useful for vessels of difficult forms.

4. Copper has long been used in the arts for the purposes of engraving. You know, I suppose, that the prints put in frames, and inserted in books, are not *drawn* upon the paper; they are engraved upon metal plates.

5. Afterwards these plates are rubbed all over, with a kind of oily ink like black paint; when this is wiped off the surface, there is still a quantity remaining in the engraved parts; the paper, therefore, is said over the plate, and both together are rolled through a very tight press.

6. The paper is then taken off, and there is your print. Thousands of prints may be taken from one *engraved plate*; by which means, you see, books with *prints may be* had for comparatively little money. Steel *plates are now* very frequently used.

7. But there is another use to which this metal is applied, that we must not forget; little articles are made with it, as with gold and silver, which, like "Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp," are the most convenient things in the world, for procuring us what we wish for—you know that I mean *money*.

8. These metals being so different in value, serve admirably well for various sums of money. Gold would not do to make dimes of, nor silver to make cents; for a dime's worth of gold, and a cent's worth of silver, would be no bigger than a spangle. Again, copper would not do to make dimes and eagles—a copper dime would be as big as a snuff-box, and a copper eagle would be like a large cheese in a man's pocket! The reason then is evident why small sums are made of cheap metal, and larger sums of that which is more expensive.

LIV. Lesson Fifty-fourth.—*The Uses of Iron.*

1. Iron, as I have before hinted, is the most useful of all metals: it has not, indeed, the beauty of color, nor the fineness of quality which gold and silver have, and it is, more than any metal, subject to injury from rust. Large rods of iron are sometimes eaten completely through by the action of air and moisture.

2. To prove the usefulness of iron, let us think a little. It is cold weather, and I will suppose you sitting by the fireside, in a comfortable room, containing the usual articles of furniture. Now we will take them one by one, and *send every thing away*, which could not have been procured, if there had been no *iron in the* world.

3. *The fire-place.*—Here are a cast-iron stove-grate, *iron instruments* for stirring the fire (for steel is iron hardened); then there is a brass, or steel fender, a

marble chimney-piece, and a chimney-glass above it: *all* these must be dispensed with.

4. "But, perhaps," say you, "we can have a stove made of *copper* or *brass;* and as for the fender, that *is* brass, so we may certainly keep that; and I am sure that the marble chimney-piece and the looking-glass, *they* are not made of iron, so you shall not move *them*, sir."

5. But indeed I must, sir. Let us see: *marble* is split off the quarry by *iron* instruments; it is raised in huge blocks, from thence, by the help of *iron* engines; it is conveyed either in ships or carriages, which, without *iron*, would drop to pieces; it is then sawn with an *iron* saw; it is chiselled and fitted with an *iron* tool!

6. And now, where would your marble chimney-piece have been without iron? Why, in the quarry. No metal *but* iron would have been competent to obtain it.

7. The same may be said of the looking-glass; which, although not made of iron, is constructed by the help of instruments which, in a multitude of instances that would be tedious to mention, are employed in its formation. Besides, the mineral substances of which glass itself is made, as well as the quicksilver behind it, were locked up in the bowels of the earth originally, and nothing but hard iron was used to dig them out.

8. Your iron stove, you say, might be replaced by some other metal; but, you see, other metals could not be obtained without the help of our constant friend, *iron;* which being found in quantities, almost, or quite at the surface of the ground, comes easily and needfully to hand, for working mines of all depths. *Without iron I am* afraid you could have no stove at *all; but must* make a fire as the savages do, on the *bare earth.*

9. After this, you will not be surprised to learn that the chair you sit in, the table you dine upon, the carpet, nay, the boards of the floor; ay, and the walls and ceiling of the room, and the house itself, were each made and formed by the incessant aid of iron, either as tools or materials, without which they could not have been produced; so that, unless you will consent to be indebted to hard and homely *iron*, you must really turn out, and live in a wood, like a New Zealander, or an Indian.

10. The grand difference, between iron and all other metals, is its superior hardness; and it is capable, by a particular process, of being made into steel, which is so extremely hard, that it can cut almost any substance in nature, but the diamond.

11. Copper, which is the hardest metal next to iron, would not form an edge for a tool, that would last even for cutting wood. A silver knife will not cut *meat*, and is therefore furnished with an edge of steel, to make it serviceable at table.

LV. Lesson Fifty-fifth.—*More of the Uses of Iron.*

1. There is a quality, yet unmentioned, belonging to iron, called *magnetism*, which is indeed a most admirable and unaccountable property.

2. A slender piece of iron, no bigger than a needle, when touched by the *magnet* or *loadstone*, acquires the power of turning itself, when properly balanced, so as to point out the *north* and *south* in all parts of the world. By the direction of this mysterious guide, *mariners can steer* their course with certainty to any *point of the globe.*

3. Before the mariner's compass was possessed, the *stars, or the shore*, were the only trust of the pilot

and if these were hidden, his utmost skill in navigating his vessel availed him nothing.

4. Most amusing experiments may be performed with a common magnet, and a paper with iron filings sprinkled over it, which, as the magnet is moved beneath, will assume the most beautiful feathery forms.

5. I am not sure, that we ought to call magnetic attraction more wonderful, than the attraction of gravity. it excites our attention more, because it chiefly belongs to iron and the loadstone, but the attraction of gravity is common to all bodies with which we are acquainted. Both, however, are far beyond the reach of human reason: we can observe the effects of each, but we know nothing of the cause.

6. We must add to all the valuable qualities of iron that have been mentioned, that it is also, that it is of the utmost use as a medicine. Most metals in general are more or less poisonous, but that is, a preparation of it, in powder or liquids, is the finest restorative in nature in certain cases.

7. There are, in various parts of the world, medicinal springs, which derive their virtues and their name *(chalybeate waters)* from the iron contained in them. *Chalybs* is the Latin for hard iron, or steel.

8. You see now, I hope, that iron is a more valuable metal, strictly speaking, than silver or gold. Being, however, very *abundant*, it is low in price; it is well indeed that it is so.

9. It is a fact worth remembering, that some of the South American Indians, who from Europeans had found out its use, would exchange, for very small pieces of iron, great lumps of gold with the utmost eagerness. With them, you see, the case was reversed—they had plenty of gold, but no iron of their own; iron with them was the precious metal.

10. How carefully, then, has God provided for *men, in furnishing* such plentiful materials, on which

to exercise their mental and bodily powers! Extensively useful as iron is, there are purposes for which other metals are wanted; others are therefore supplied to suit all occasions which men may have, or think they have.

LVI. Lesson Fifty-sixth.—*The Old Horse.*

1. No, children, he shall not be sold;
   Go lead him home, and dry your tears;
   'Tis true, he's blind, and lame, and old,
   But he has served us twenty years!

2. Well has he served us—gentle, strong,
   And willing through life's varied stage;
   And having toiled for us so long,
   We will protect him in his age.

3. Our debt of gratitude to pay,
   His faithful merits to requite,
   His play-ground be the heath by day
   A shed shall shelter him at night.

4. In comfort he shall end his days;
   And when I next to market go,
   I'll cut across the shortest ways,
   And set out earlier home, you know

5. A life of labor was his lot;
   He always tried to do his best:
   Poor fellow! now we'll grudge thee not
   A little liberty and rest.

6. *Go then,* old friend; thy future fate
   To range the heath, from harness free;
   And just below the cottage gate,
   I'll go and build a shed for thee.

LVII. Lesson Fifty-seventh.—*The Eagle and the Crow.*

1. The eagle is held to be the king of birds. It is impossible to imagine any thing in the form of a bird more beautiful than he is. His beauty does not consist in gaudy colors, like the jay's, nor in a huge tail, like the peacock's, which, though nature has painted it with an exquisite pencil, must, after all, be allowed to be somewhat disproportioned and monstrous.

2. The colors of the eagle are a deep and tawny brown, mottled like those of the partridge, sober, yet highly gratifying to the eye. His form is made for strength and action. His eye is lively and piercing; and the sight of it is so strong, that it is said, he can gaze, without blenching, at the brightest rays of the noontide sun.

3. *The eagle* builds his nest in the crags of the *rock. It hangs* over the sea, and remains undestroyed *by the most furious* tempests. He is a bird of prey

and his scream is terrible, to such animals as he is accustomed to devour. He feeds upon serpents, harts, hares, and various other animals, which he discerns from an immense distance, pounces upon them from his elevation in the sky, and carries them away in his talons.

4. A hungry eagle gazed from a distance upon a flock of sheep. With his eye he singled a lamb from the number, and flapping his wings, came down with immense swiftness, seized the poor animal with his talons, and flew away with him through the air.

5. A crow, who beheld every thing that passed, was filled with admiration at the action of the eagle. He thought he would do the same, and show himself a bird of spirit. He imitated the king of birds in the sweep he had seen him take, and then lighted upon the back of the old bell-wether of the flock.

6. Determined to do the business as completely as he could, he entangled his feet thoroughly in the fleece of the ram, and then spread his wings to fly away with him. He might as well have thought to fly away with the city of London.

7. The shepherd remarked his situation. He was exceedingly sorry for the loss of the lamb, that the eagle had carried off, but he was not at all apprehensive of what the crow would do. He took him in his hand, disentangled his claws from the back of the ram, clipped his wings, and turned him into the garden for the amusement of his children.

8. There happened to be a magpye, hanging in a cage by the garden wall. He looked at the crow, and said, as the shepherd's children had taught him to do, "What bird are you?" The crow could not speak, but he hung down his head, and thought to himself, "*A very little while ago I mistook myself for an eagle, but I now find I am a very silly crow!*"

LVIII. Lesson Fifty-eighth.—*Thanksgiving Day.*

1. When I was young and very gay,
Oh! how I loved thanksgiving day!
Brother and I would dance about,
And join in many a noisy shout.

2. O! never, never pie can be
Good as my mother made for me;
Then James and I, a loving span,
Ate from the selfsame patty-pan.

3. Of me the rogue took special care,
But never failed to have *his* share:
Sometimes I thought his mouthful large,
And he'd deny the jealous charge.

4. And then, perchance, some slight affray
Would damp the pleasures of the day;
But he was gentle, good, and mild,
And I was a forgiving child.

5. A smile and kiss would "make all well,"
And we would funny stories tell,
While puss jumped round the sleepy dog,
And gave him now and then a jog.

6. And when, at eve, we played "jack-straw,"
She'd plague us too with saucy paw;
And mother laughed, and father too,
To see the mischief she would do.

7. My mother's dead, and ne'er again
Can I be gay as I was then;
But welcome to thanksgiving day,
Though I no more shall shout and play;
If others' joy I still can see,
That shall be happiness for me.

LIX. Lesson Fifty-ninth.—*The Voice of Spring.*

1. I am coming, little maiden!
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf;
Till I come the time is brief.

2. I am coming, I am coming!
Hark the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing;
Little maiden, now is spring!

3. See the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green,
Starlike primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white.

4. Hark! the little lambs are bleating;
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms, a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

5. Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food,—
Pour thy soul in gratitude!

LX. Lesson Sixtieth.—*The Countryman and the Snake.*

1. There was once a poor man, but he was very good-natured, and would never pass by any creature in distress, without trying to assist it. This made him many friends: even the dogs, and the cats, and the cows, and the sheep, knew the good-natured man, and gave him marks of their attachment; and the robin-redbreasts (for the country where he lived, though hotter than New England, was sometimes covered with snow, I believe it was Italy) would come to his window, and eat up the crumbs that he scattered for them.

2. It is seldom that you can be wrong in doing an act of kindness. Once, however, this poor man went too far, and had like to have repented of his kindness. I would relieve a naughty boy, who was a notorious liar *or thief, if I saw him* starving; but I would not take him *to live in my house,* or make him my bosom friend.

3. *It happened* to be a very snowy day, and the

wind seemed to cut sharp like a knife, when this poor man came home to his dinner. In one corner of a field, as he hastened along, he spied an adder, that seemed almost frozen to death. Though he was in a hurry to get to the shelter of his own hovel, and his fireside, and his fingers were all numbed with the cold, he could not bear to think of leaving this poor creature behind him, in so miserable a condition.

4. He turned it over; it was quite stiff, and its eyes were shut; he began to believe that it was dead. Once, however, as he touched it, he perceived that it moved. He unbuttoned his coat, and put it in his bosom, that it might get warm there. I am afraid, if the adder had fully recovered in that place, it would perhaps have stung its benefactor to the heart.

5. When the poor man got home, he took out the adder, and saw that it was a little better; it half opened its sparkling eyes. He laid it on the hearth, and told his children what he had done; they gathered round and admired the varied colors of the creature. As the fire had sparkled and blazed, the adder got stronger and stronger.

6. For a considerable time, however, it lay perfectly still; when, on a sudden, it started up in full strength, reared its serpent head, flew about the kitchen from one end to the other, and hissed most terribly. The children screamed and shrieked; the bigger ones leaped upon the tables and chairs; and at last, the venomous beast seemed to dart at one of them, and in a moment longer would have stung it to death,

7. The poor man was so terrified, that he hardly knew what to do; but seizing a stick, he struck the adder on the head, and laid it dead at his feet: a fit *return for* the creature, who behaved so ill to the man *that had* saved its life.

8. *The* good-natured man learned a wise lesson *from this* adventure: he saw how much mischief

had nearly brought upon himself by a kindness that paid no attention to the different qualities of living creatures; and he took care, from that time forth, not to treat with particular marks of favor any one of whose character he was entirely ignorant.

9. The only thing that puzzles me in this story is the behavior of the adder. It is contrary to the nature of all animals; for I have found it almost an universal rule, that animals are sensible of kindness, and grateful for favors received.

LXI. Lesson Sixty-first.—*All is for the Best.*

1. "What an unlucky boy I am!" said Edmond, running towards his papa, whom he had been seeking all over the house and gardens. "My grandmamma has changed her mind about going to my uncle's; and, instead of taking me with her to spend a fortnight at his house, when I had set my heart upon it, I must content myself at home, she says, and wait for another opportunity! Every thing goes wrong with me!—It was but last week, that the pigs got into my little garden, and destroyed every thing in it!"

2. "Stop! stop!" interrupted his papa. "Before you complain of your evil destiny, recollect, that if you had not heard the pigs in your garden, and ran in haste to drive them out of it, you would not have seen your little brother, whom you seized by the arm on the very edge of the pond, and who, in another moment, would probably have fallen into it, and would have been drowned, before any of the family had missed him. It is not impossible that you may have cause to rejoice, some time hence, at what now *appears to you* such a mighty disappointment."

3. *His papa's* words were soon verified; for no *more than ten* days had elapsed after this conversatio

when they received a letter, which filled them with the severest affliction.

4. A servant, belonging to his uncle, had caught a dreadful putrid sore throat and fever, of which he died almost immediately, and which had infected the whole family. Edmond heard, with the utmost grief, that one of his cousins was no more, and that the other laid in so dangerous a state, that his life was despaired of; and he did not fail to offer his unfeigned thanks to God, for having preserved him from the danger to which he would have been exposed, if his grandmother had not suddenly changed her intention of going to his uncle's. He determined, also, that he would never, in future, complain of any trifling disappointments he might chance to meet with, nor find fault, as he had too often done, with the arrangements of Providence.

5. Edmond, in the long walks he took with his papa, often met with things which appeared to him very strange, and which (notwithstanding the resolution he had made, and the rule he had laid down never to find fault) made him thoughtful, and wish to know why they were permitted.

6. An old man, who was universally esteemed in the village, had been involved in perplexity and trouble, as it appeared to him, very unjustly. He was tenant to a rich man, and had been long and comfortably settled in a prosperous way, in a little farm, which lay in a fertile and beautiful valley belonging to his large estate.

7. The rich man was hard-hearted and revengeful; and, taking a dislike to poor old Davis on some trifling occasion, had turned him out of the farm at so short a *notice, that* he had the utmost difficulty to find a place *to take shelter* in.

8. *He had* a great deal of trouble in removing his cattle and his poultry, his corn and his hay-mows

and every thing belonging to his farm; and said, he was sure it would be a couple of years, before he should be able to recover the expense and loss of time: and Edmond, who never went into the village without paying him a visit, and loved to chat with him and his old dame, never heard them talk of it, without thinking it was, at least, *a pity*, that he had met with so great a misfortune.

9. The winter was very severe, the snow fell fast, it was deep, and lay very long on the ground. Davis was obliged to take his cattle in, from the fields, and feed them entirely on hay; his poultry required the utmost care and attention, and every thing in his garden was in danger of perishing.

10. "This is a sad winter for poor old Davis," said Edmond to his papa; "I am afraid it will put him another year behindhand; I wish he had not been driven from that flourishing farm in the valley."

11. "I wish so too," replied his papa, "if it would have been more for his good to have remained there—but God knows best!"

12. The spring returned, the snow melted, torrents of water fell from the hills—the brooks swelled, and overflowed the meadows—every thing was inundated: the farm in the valley was entirely destroyed, and all the cattle, with which the rich man had stocked it, were drowned.

13. Davis, on his hill, had felt the sharpness and biting frosts of winter; he had heard the wind roar and the rain beat against his casement: but when the snow melted he found no ill effects from it, but turned out his cattle, which he had sheltered whilst it lay on the ground, to feast on the fresh herbage which had been preserved under it.

14. "*I perceive*, now," said Edmond, "that I have *been once more* mistaken; and that, instead of thinking *Davis an object* of pity, I should look upon him

as a fortunate man. If he had remained in the valley, his whole property would have been destroyed, and he would have been a beggar: now he has but to be doubly attentive to his labor, and he will soon recover the expense of his removal: he will then be just as well as he was, and he might this day have been without a morsel of bread, or a shilling to purchase one."

LXII. Lesson Sixty-second.—*Wild Beasts.*

1. There are great numbers of *wild* beasts; lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, wolves, and others.

2. They have great strong claws, monstrous teeth, and are so fierce that they can tear a man to pieces in an instant. Now had they been amongst us like the flocks and herds, what havoc would they have made in the world!

3. We should not have dared to go out of doors. The cows, sheep, and horses, would have been a constant prey to them: but there are none here; they avoid the habitations of men, and range the forests and deserts far from our abodes.

4. As their skins make very comfortable clothing for people who live in cold countries, the hunters frequently pursue them; for as there are seldom many wild beasts together, and there are usually a number of hunters, who provide themselves with proper weapons, they frequently get the better of them.

5. Sometimes they are caught alive when they are young, and shown about as curiosities; and those who look after them, have a way of managing so as to cure *them* in a great measure of their fierceness: there is *no beast* whatever so fierce but it may be tamed or *subdued* by men.

6. I have seen several sorts, particularly at the me-

nagerie, and read a very entertaining account of many animals in Depping's Evening Entertainments. Perhaps you have got it, and can find the same description.

7. The elephant is a most astonishing creature, I believe, the largest of all beasts. Remind me, when we are in the library, to show you the picture of one; and as soon as I have an opportunity, I will take you to the menagerie, where you will see an elephant and many other curious things; their teeth are very valuable.

8. They are ivory, and you know there are abundance of things made of that. You have several pretty ivory toys, and there are combs and knife-handles; in short, one might soon name twenty things made of ivory.

9. The skin of elephants is extremely hard, and their strength wonderful, so that when they are provoked, nothing can stand before them; yet they are of a very gentle, harmless nature, and will submit to be guided by a man.

10. We read in history, that it was formerly the custom to employ elephants in armies; and that they had little wooden castles built on their backs, which were filled with men, who shot from them with bows and arrows.

11. When these beasts had been some time in the battle, they grew angry, and then they trampled to death all who came in their way, and could even beat down trees and demolish houses. How would you like to ride on an elephant, my boy? Why, you would look on his back like a little marmoset on a horse.

12. The camel is another noble beast; we have none of them here, only now and then one, which is shown about as a sight. You can form no idea of *him from* a description, but I will look for a picture *of him likewise.*

13. In the countries where the camels are, they

are many sandy deserts; places where there are no houses for many miles, nor a tree to shelter travellers from the scorching rays of the sun; and yet people are under the necessity of taking journeys through them, in order to carry the goods they want to sell, from one country to another.

14. It would be impossible for them to bear such heavy loads themselves, and horses would perish with thirst, as there is no water to be met with; but a camel will carry very great burdens, and requires no refreshment on the road; and when he gets to his journey's end will kneel down, that his master may be able to reach his back to unload him; for he is so tall, that it could not be conveniently done otherwise. I could tell you wonderful things of a hundred other creatures, but that I hope you will have curiosity enough to read about them.

LXIII. Lesson Sixty-third.—*The Farmer.*

1. "My son! my son!" a husbandman
Said to his youngest born,
"Look well upon the herbs and flowers,
On grass and growing corn;
Muse on the clover's fragrant sward,
Survey the ripen'd shock,
Nor pass the lily of the lea,
In beauty newly woke:
In grass and grain, in flowers and flocks,
The wise and thoughtful, see
God's wondrous volume writ for man—
I'll read some words to thee.

2. "The sailor sails the sea for gold,
The soldier fights for fame,
The painter paints, the poet sings,
Each for a fleeting name;

But he who ploughs the fragrant field,
And bids the valley broad
Wave rustling with the golden ears,
Walks hand in hand with God;
The cherish'd grain yields sixty-fold;
He lends his skill to nourish
All living things. Like sun and shower
He bids the green earth flourish.

3. "My son, my son, be wise and yield
The husbandman thy praise,
For he has learn'd in Nature's school
Of Nature's various ways.
He knows the season when to cleave
The greensward with his share,
He knows what time to cast the grain
In furrows broad and fair;
He stands amid the golden waves
Of tall and glittering corn,
And calls the shining sickles out
With his loud harvest horn.

4. "The husbandman's a learned man,
For who can plough and sow
In ignorance, and read the signs
Of sunshine, rain, and snow—
Can look far in the night, and cry,
'Load, till it groans, the wain
With ripe dry corn; lo! yon small cloud
Is fill'd with wind and rain'—
Can look upon the eve, and say,
'To-morrow will be fair,
Drive forth the flocks to feed, and see
Ye bury deep the share!'

5. "*To him* all ways of beasts are known,
All ways of birds, and he
Knows every seed, and herb, and flower
To nourish brute and bee.

Ways of wild fowl to him are plain,
And worms that wear the sting—
The haunt, the food, ay, and the use
Of every living thing.
The moving heaven, the rolling earth,
The deep and barren sea,
Are things on which he muses oft:
A learned man is he.

6. "My son, my son, with reverence walk
Along the glorious road
Of those who held in elder-times
High converse with their God.
Revere the watcher of the flock,
The holder of the plough;
Of virtue's tree the husbandman
He is the upper bough:
And when it fades shall science fall,
And poesy be mute;
The streams shall cease to run, and trees
In summer time to shoot."

LXIV. Lesson Sixty-fourth.—*Returning from Market.*

1. The sun from the earth had just taken his leave,
And the sky softly blushed with the glow of calm eve,
That smiled o'er the heaven surpassingly fair,—
Behold it in beauty, here pictured with care!—
While the grove and the brook, that ran murmuring by,
Were reflecting the light from the warm summer sky.

2. *When*, returning from market, young Hugh and his mother
Trudging sedately along by each other;

How happy their hearts! all their earnings were told,
Their eggs were all bartered, their chickens all sold,
And their bosoms with hope's fervent longing now beat
For the home they had left, for the friends they should meet.

3. Bold Rover was near them—he trotted with grace
By the side of the first of the asinine race;
And Neddy looked grave as he stepped o'er the plain,
Like Patience, regardless of labor or pain.
O, youth! as through time's checkered season you go,
You may here learn a lesson to save you from wo.

4. In the market of life be ye patient, and bear
All the ills that may goad, as ye seek for your ware;
Be enduring and mild, scorn all ill-gotten pelf,
Know that honor is china, that meanness is delf,
That fair dealing is gold, that deception is dross,
That virtue's your profit, that vice is your loss!

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LXV. Lesson Sixty-fifth.—*The Unhappy Child.*

1. "Mother," said George, "I feel unhappy to-day: it is rainy, and I cannot go to school, as I took medicine yesterday: what shall I do to amuse myself?" "Play with your top," said the indulgent mother.

2. "I am tired to death of that old plaything," replied our restless boy; "I want something new. The toy-shops are full of playthings. Why can't you give Maria some money, and let her go to the 'Children's Warehouse' and get me something I never saw—some puzzles, or factory villages, or some automaton dancers: I must have something, or I shall die with uneasiness."

3. Mrs. M. arose from her work, and proceeded to the library, thinking a book might restore her discontented child to his usual composure—but she was sadly disappointed. "I have read that: I don't want it, mother—I can repeat that, word for word; so put it back," said George.

4. Thus did this discontented child tease and vex his kind-hearted parent. Finding every thing inadequate to fill the void, Maria was despatched to get '*something new*' for the rainy day. As it happened, she made choice of a plaything which George had already seen. This greatly disconcerted him, and he wished his mother would go herself and select something.

5. In the midst of this agitation, the father of George happened in. He was a good parent; and consequently indulged his child only in those things which he deemed expedient, wisely believing that he was a far better judge of what was for his advantage, than George could possibly be.

6. Seeing the fretfulness of our young lad, and learning it proceeded from a rainy day, which de-

tained him at home, he thought it best not to indulge his childish pettishness, but teach him early to overcome little trials, that he might be the better prepared to encounter those, with which all children must contend as they advance in life.

7. I have said he was a kind parent: does any child doubt it, because he did not give him all his sickly fancy craved? I ask this question, because I have known some children, when crossed in their desires, betray, by their dissatisfied countenances, if not by words, that withholding their requests was cruel in their parents. But did they think a moment how unreasonable and wicked is this conduct, I am sure they would never exhibit it.

8. Let us now look at George, standing beside his father, a fretful, complaining, dissatisfied boy. "What," said his father, "is the matter? this morning I left you cheerful and happy. It is now eleven o'clock, and you are peevish, fretful, and uneasy. Tell me, my child, what ails you?" "It is the rain, which has spoilt all my pleasure to-day," said George. "The rain," interrupted his father —"are you not fond of vegetables, George—of peas, beans, strawberries and cream, and cherries?" "But what have they to do with the rain and my bad feeling," said George.

9. "The rain," replied his father, "has much to do with them. The fruits of the earth are dropping off;—the grapes drying up—the leaves are falling, in consequence of the severe drought; and my only son is whining and crying, because the refreshing rain is reviving and renovating all nature."

10. George felt he deserved the reproof, and was silent. "But is it the rain which is the cause of this *disquietude?*" said his father. "Had the sun shone, *would your* countenance have brightened beneath *his beams? did it* yesterday, when you returned fro *school,* complaining of dust, and thirst, and he

Now," said his father, "tell me what, of all things, do you most desire?"

11. "I wish," said George, "to feel happy; but you can't make me. I mean, I want to feel as I did, when I went to ride on Saturday, when I drove part of the way." "And was it because the sun shone, that you were then so happy?" "I don't know, father, but I felt so pleased because it was '*something new*' for me to drive, and ride among *new* things, and visit *new* places. I always feel better when I am entertained in that way."

12. "Then," said his father, "I will give you '*something new*,' which if you observe it, will always make you happy, when it rains, and when the sun shines, when you are at home and abroad." "Do, father," said George, "I will keep it, and not break it, nor tear it, nor deface it in any way—Do give it me now."

13. His father deferred the gift until dinner-time, promising then to bring it home, and present it to his unhappy son, on condition, that he should find him cheerful and easy when he returned.

14. The expectation of this valuable gift soon restored a smile, and led our little fellow to feel a new interest in what before was so '*old*' and tiresome; and when his father returned, he immediately discovered that the promise must be fulfilled. It was a package which was not to be unsealed till after dinner.

15. George ate hastily, and watched his father's progress; and never was there a more welcome '*leave off*' than in this case. He accompanied his father to the chamber, and there was the precious deposit unsealed. It proved to be a little manuscript, containing "Interesting hints for the cure of bad *tempers.*"—It had the desired effect. George was *amused,* and instructed by it, and it engaged him the *remainder* of the day.

16. It explained to him the great secret of his unhap-

piness; it gave him directions never to become so again; and with his parents' excellent counsel, and his good improvement from passing events, it wrought a change in his temper, and this made him always happier and more contented, every rainy and pleasant day afterwards.

LXVI. Lesson Sixty-sixth.—*Mamma knows Best.*

1. It happened on a summer's day,
   When little Ann went out to play,
   She thought she 'd make a garland fair,
   And bind it in her curly hair.
   But when she cross'd the lawn, she found
   No daisies left upon the ground;
   And other flowers she lik'd as much,
   Mamma had told her not to touch.

2. At last, she reach'd the garden gate,
   And, there too restless long to wait,
   She rais'd the latch, and stealing through,
   Picked all the flowers within her view.
   When this was done, not far beyond,
   She saw some blue-bells by a pond.

3. "Oh, dear!" thought Ann, "Mamma is out,
   And no one knows what I 'm about,
   I 'll get these flowers; but no—I 'll stay,
   And come again another day."

4. So saying, Ann return'd unseen,
   No one imagined where she 'd been:
   She laugh'd and play'd as well as ever,
   And thought herself extremely clever.
   The morrow came, and Ann again
   Went out to play; a heavy rain,
   Within the night, had left the land
   Too damp for Ann to sit or stand,

But well wrapped up, secure and warm,
A little run could do no harm.

5. Now Ann was thinking all the while,
About the flowers across the stile;
And, when she fancied no one knew,
Undid the gate, and scampered through.
The stile was climbed, and just below,
She saw the pond where blue-bells grow;
Where sweetest violets love to hide,
Forget-me-not, and rushes wide.

6. "Oh, dear," thought Ann, with secret glee;
"What a fine garland it will be!"
She fill'd her cap, but not content,
Still o'er the reeds she fondly bent,
To grasp one flower more rich, more gay,
And as she pluck'd her foot gave way.
She scrambled up to reach the bank;
But, as she strove, still deeper sank.
Her flowers were scattered in the mire,
And soon she felt her patience tire.

7. "Oh, how I wish I were at home!
'Twas wrong, 'twas silly, thus to roam;
My frock is torn, my stockings too,
And here I am—what shall I do!"
She look'd again;—at last she spied
An aged stump, before untried,
And, clinging fast with eager hand,
She gain'd at length the level land.

8. And hurried back, and did not fail
To tell at once the dismal tale;
And though she knew it would surprise,
Confess'd her faults without disguise;
Her mother's hand in tears she press'd,
And she owns, "Mamma knows best."

LXVII. Lesson Sixty-seventh.—*The wild Horses of South America.*

1. Captain Head, who travelled over those wild and wide plains of South America, between the Andes and Buenos Ayres, which are called Pampas, gives a very amusing account of the way in which one out of the number of horses, running loose on these plains, was caught when it was wanted for riding—very rough riding indeed it seems to have been.

2. He had with him some of the Guachos, people descended from the Spaniards, who live in huts about these plains. They rode generally with a troop of from thirty to seventy wild horses which they drove on before them, to be ready when they were wanted. They catch every animal they have occasion for, by means of the lasso, which is a noose of strong cord, and this they throw with such exactness, that they always lay hold of the creature so surely that he cannot possibly escape.

3. Once, when the party got towards the mountains, and each of them wanted to mount a fresh horse, the whole troop of wild ones were driven to the edge of a precipice, which overhung a torrent; there the creatures stood, all crowding together so close, that at last the hind legs of one actually slipped over the edge.

4. He managed however to hold firm to the ground by his head and fore feet, and meanwhile the lasso was thrown so exactly to support him, that he was soon dragged up, and on his legs again: the horse seemed so well to know his danger, that he remained perfectly quiet the whole time. Afterwards everybody mounted a fresh horse, caught from amongst the troop, and rode *away at full* gallop, driving all the rest before *them.*

5. *It is supposed* that these horses are descend-

from some, which might have got away from the Spaniards, when they went from their own country in Europe, to take possession of a part of South America as their own, for no horses were found there on the first discovery of this new world.

6. They may now sometimes be met with in troops of ten thousand each, and they have always a chief or leader, which is the strongest and boldest horse among them. All the others follow him in perfect obedience.

7. If they have eaten all the grass in one spot, and you know it must take a great quantity for such a great number as any thing near ten thousand horses to feed on, the chief leads the way, and they seek a place where more is to be found; and if they have to fight against any large wild beasts, the chief is the foremost of the party.

8. Horses generally gallop away from lions and tigers; but when they must battle with them, it is for the most part with their hinder feet that they defend themselves; and they will in this wild state give such kicks as quite to disable the animals from pursuing them; and then they all gallop away far out of reach.

9. The wild horses of South America are not of the very largest size; they have no fixed places to rest in, like the den of the tiger, or the cave of the bear; for indeed no caves could hold the numbers which collect together. They choose a dry and sheltered spot at the foot of a rock, or the edge of a wood, where they may be protected from the winds. They have the same dread of storms and tempests that may be seen in most other animals; and often when a violent clap of thunder is heard, they will all gallop off together at full speed so rapidly that nothing could overtake them, and *whatever* animal came in their way would certainly be *trampled* to death.

LXVIII. Lesson Sixty-eighth.—*The Little Teacher.*

1. Charles lived in the country with his papa, who was so good as to teach him to read and write, and promised him that, if he would be a good boy, when he was a year or two older, he would teach him a great deal more.

2. When the morning lesson was finished, his papa went into his study, where he always spent an hour; and then took a walk with his son before dinner.

3. During that hour, Charles was at liberty to amuse himself where he pleased: for his papa knew he was a good boy, and would not get into any mischief.

4. There was a very fine river at no great distance from the house, and on its bank stood the hut of a fisherman.

5. *This poor* fellow maintained his family, by carrying *the fish* which he caught to the next town, whe

he was glad to sell it for what they would give him; and, as there was great plenty in that part of the country, he got but a poor livelihood, though he took a great deal of trouble; was often wet to the skin many hours together, whilst sitting in his little boat; and sometimes came home so cold, that all the wood they had in the corner of their little kitchen, was scarcely sufficient to warm him.

6. His wife was a very careful, good woman, and kept her spinning wheel going early and late; but she, as well as the poor fisherman, had one very great uneasiness, which they foresaw no prospect of being able to remove.

7. Their little boy (for they had but one child) would never know either how to write or read; his mother could not teach him, for she had never been taught herself; and his father, though he could read a little, never had a moment to spare; he was obliged to go out very early every morning; and when he was fortunate enough to catch his basket full of fish, he must walk immediately three or four miles to try to sell it, and bring home something for their suppers; and when that was done, he was so tired, that he was glad enough to go to bed.

8. Charles called at the fisherman's one day, to inquire for his dog, which he had missed all the morning; and found little Joe sitting by the table, on which he was making marks with a piece of chalk. Charles asked him what he was doing.

9. "I am trying to write, sir," said he; "but I only know six letters, and those are a T, an H, an E; and an S, an H, an I, and a P."

10. "You have reckoned seven," said Charles—"*but how* did you learn them?"

11. "Yes, sir," replied Joe, "I have reckoned the H *twice*; but I learned them from the sign at the village.

12. Somebody told me, that a T, an H, and an E, made THE; and an S, an H, an I, and a P, SHIP; for I can no more read, than I can write; but I would give any thing in the world, if I could. I should be so happy, that nothing would vex me afterwards."

13. "Then I will make you happy," said Charles. "I am but a little boy; but if you will mind to be ready for me every day at twelve o'clock, when I have learned my lesson from my papa, I will come here and teach you; I have an hour given me to amuse myself as I like; and if you are as willing to learn as I shall be to teach you, you will soon be able to read and write as well as I do; and, I assure you, papa says I do both very well for a boy of my age."

14. Both Joe and his mother were ready to fall on their knees, to thank little Charles; for it was what they both wished for above all things: and, the next morning, he put his book into his pocket, when his papa dismissed him, and went to the fisherman's hut, where he gave Joe his first lesson in reading; and as soon as he had brought him a little forward (having provided himself with pen, ink, and paper), he began to teach him to write.

15. Some months passed away in this manner, when a gentleman, calling at the house one morning, asked Charles's papa, if he knew where his son was gone. He said, he supposed he was taking his usual walk, which he always allowed him to do at twelve o'clock, when his lesson was finished.

16. "I am afraid, sir," answered the gentleman, "that he does not always amuse himself in a way you would approve of; I see him every day go at the same hour to the house of old Joe the fisherman, and I cannot imagine what pleasure he finds in such company, unless it is that he goes out with them in the boat."

17. *Charles's* papa was a good deal alarmed at this

news, and also a little displeased; for he had so good an opinion of his son, that he thought he might have trusted him to go anywhere, without fearing he would either get into mischief, or run into any kind of danger, particularly that of venturing on the river, which he had been ordered never to approach.

18. The moment the gentleman had left him, he went out in search of Charles; and as soon as he came near the river, began to look up and down, and on every side, with the utmost anxiety, in the hope of seeing the boat.

19. But not perceiving any thing like it, he grew extremely uneasy, for he concluded that he was gone with old Joe a long way up the river.

20. Not choosing to go home without gaining some intelligence of his son, he went up to the hut, and put his head into the window, which happened to be open, little expecting the agreeable sight which met his eyes. Charles was seated at the upper end of the kitchen table, ruling lines in a copy-book, whilst Joe was reading to him very attentively; and his mother sat at her wheel in a corner of the room, but so delighted with the objects before her, that she forgot her work, in the pleasure she felt at her boy's wonderful progress, and reflecting that she might, perhaps, live to see him clerk of the parish.

21. Charles was a little confused when he saw his papa, and feared he would be angry, at his having undertaken such a task without his permission; but he had no need to be uneasy; on the contrary, he was very much applauded; and, the very next morning, was taken into the town, where he was presented with a great number of very pretty books, both for himself and Joe, with an inkstand for him, and a good quantity of writing-paper and pens and ink.

22. Charles was the happiest of all creatures, when

he scampered away to the fisherman's hut, his little hands filled with the parcels, and his heart beating with joy; and his pleasure was increased, when he spread out his presents on the kitchen table, to the wondering eyes of Joe and his mother.

LXIX. Lesson Sixty-ninth.—*The Wolf and the Fox.*

1. Some time since, there was a large wolf, who used to live in a cave by the side of a wood. He had laid up a good store of food, and kept much at home, lest those who were in search of prey should come and rob him, when he was out for a walk.

2. A fox, noted for playing bad tricks, had learnt that the wolf's den was full of good things of all kinds; and, as it is said, wished to have part with him, or, in some way, get rid of the wolf, and thus secure the whole.

3. It soon came into his mind that a certain man kept sheep in a field hard by. So he goes and asks him, if he did not know, that a wolf had a den near his flock of sheep? "No," said the man, "I do not."

4. "I met the wolf last night," says the fox, "with a fine sheep on his back, and I dare say it was yours." —"So I think," says the man; "for when I counted them to-day, there was one missing. Pray, Mr. Fox, where does the wolf live?"

5. "I will tell you: it is down by the side of the wood, in a large cave by the side of yonder hill. If you get over this gate, and go down the path close to the hedge, you will find a large track that he has made, which leads straight to the den."

6. The man forthwith took his dog and gun, and *set off down* the field, the way the fox had pointed *out. When he* came to the side of the wood, he soon

found the den, and the wolf within. Without delay, the man fell upon him and killed him. So there was an end to the wolf.

7. In a few days after, the man was passing the same road again, and when he came to the den, he thought he would just have a peep in: and who should he see there but the very same fox, who had told him of the wolf.

8. "Ah! what, Mr. Slyboots, you are here, are you? Very well, sir, I know your tricks. So, your motive, in telling me about the wolf, was, that I might kill him, and thus afford you a chance to possess his store and his home.

9. "Well, Mr. Fox, I will take care of you too. No more shall you play your pranks. If you do not like mutton, as you told me, I know you like lamb; so no more shall you cheat the world; and there's the blow that strikes you dead." He then, with a stick, beat out his brains.

10. Now, boys and girls, as you see this cheat did not prosper, take warning by the fate of this knavish fox. And do not tell stories about others, to serve your own ends; for if you do, you may expect to be found out, and put to shame.

LXX. Lesson Seventieth.—*The Ant and the Butterfly.*

1. A butterfly, who, all the day,
Did nothing else but sport and play
From one flower to another,
Look'd down upon a toiling ant,
And thus in pity or in taunt,
Address'd his reptile brother.

2. "I wonder you can spend your time,
When Nature's sweets are in their prime.

In delving, or in hoarding;
Why not, like me, to-day employ,
In all the luxury of joy
That earth is now affording?

3. "Why should you task yourself to toil,
And gather heaps of useless spoil,
Still of the future dreaming?
Look up, and see how fair the flowers,
How green and leafy are the bowers,
On which the sun is beaming!

4. "But I forget—poor, helpless thing!
You cannot flutter on the wing,
As *I* do, through existence;
To you, slow, dull, and downward eyed,
That gravel walk of six feet wide
Must seem a dreadful distance.

5. "Why, you might just as well have been
Shut out from gardens gay and green,
An inmate of the city,
As live in this delightful spot:—
Poor thing! the more I view your lot,
The more your case I pity."

6. The ant heard all he had to say;
Then, ere he journeyed on his way,
Replied, in ant-like fashion,
"To me 'tis pleasure thus to live;
Therefore, your taunts I can forgive,
And need not your compassion.

7. "You think my toilsome lot is hard;
To me, it brings its own reward;—
And so, my pretty neighbor,
Since you have nothing else to do,
Your happier lot you may pursue,
And leave me to my labor."

8. They parted.—In a few months more,
Descending rains, and rime-frosts hoar,
Had swept off bud and blossom;
The butterfly on earth lay dead,
The happier ant was housed and fed
Securely in its bosom.

9. And there he kept, all snug and warm,
'Till snow and ice, and wind and storm,
Had fertilized each furrow;
Then, with the blithe and busy bee,
As busy and as blithe as he,
He came out from his burrow!

LXXI. Lesson Seventy-first.—*The Bird's-nest.*

1. "See, brother, I have brought a nest
Of eggs from yonder wood!
And yesterday I found a prize—
A blackbird's callow brood.
Believe me, it was famous sport
To see their beaks divide,
Like pairs of yellow compasses,
They gaped so monstrous wide!"

2. "Sport could it be, to see them pine,
Within the pilfered nest,
For their accustomed food, and warmth
Of the maternal breast?
And were the parent's sufferings sport,
When, from some distant spray,
Perchance she saw her home removed,
Her offspring borne away?"

3. "Brother, forgive me if I laugh—
What sentimental words!
Surely you deem them human-kind,
Instead of senseless birds!

What should the parent blackbird feel
For her departed brood,
Save joy that she no more is tasked
To cram their beaks with food?"

4. "What! would she choose the builder's toil,
And ply her task so well,
Then sit unwearied, day by day,
Till they had cast the shell—
And would she tend them every hour,
Nor from her duty rove,
Had not Almighty wisdom wrought
In her a mother's love?

5. "And having this, when ruthless hands
Have left her homeless, lone—
Can she be callous as the clod,
Insensible as stone?
Still unconvinced, you smile, I see
Reason will not avail;
Yet Harry I would fain persuade
To listen to a tale.

6. "Last year a linnet's brood I bought,
Just taken from the spray,
To save them from their captor's hands,
Who tortured them with play.
Upon the lawn I placed my charge,
Screen'd from the noontide glare,
And far from cats; and ere an hour
The mother found them there.

7. "Day after day, and hour by hour,
To feed her young she sped,
Placed every sunny morn by me
Beneath an arbory shed.
They lived, and feathers grew apace
Where down was spread before,
Till one bright morn they disappeared—
I saw my pets no more.

8. "Now, if that tender mother bird
Felt not a parent's pain,
Would she have sought and labored thus
Her lost ones to regain?
All feel that crawl, or walk, or swim,
Or poise the busy wing:—
Then seek not pleasure in the pain
Of any living thing!"

LXXII. Lesson Seventy-second.—*A Walk on the Seashore.*

1. Come, let us walk by the seashore; upon the smooth sands of the winding beach. Let us search for its colored shells and curious pebbles. Let us gather the delicate blossoms of the seaside pea, that loves to draw its freshness and tender beauty from the thirsty soil, along the hedges of the yellow shore.

2. Take up handfuls of the sparkling sands. Car

we number the shining grains? No, we cannot; but God knoweth the sum of the sands of the sea, upon its thousand, thousand shores.

3. Let us watch the little flocks of beach birds, skimming low along the sands, keeping time with the flowing and retreating waters. Listen to their voice, low, soft, and musical, as if they sang to the waves.

4. Here are the ringed plovers; the sand-pipers; the purres, flying in flocks, throwing alternately their dark and light plumage to the eye; the sheer-water with its curious bill; the blue-winged teals, that love to sit together, and sun themselves on the sands; and the surf and the golden-eyed duck, that swim and dive among the breakers; these, and many others, haunt the sand-bars, and the low reefy shores.

5. God careth for them all. He teacheth some of them to collect the drift sea-weed for their nests, and others to hollow out the sands. Though no reeds, or grass, or leaves, screen these nestlings, yet God provideth for their safety.

6. No bright or various plumage attracts attention towards them. Colored like the sands on which they run, if danger approach, they cower down, motionless as the small stones of the beach, till the deceived eye is turned away; while the tender mother entices from them the foot of the stranger, in vain pursuit of herself.

7. How solemn is the lonely shore, where the sea uplifts its voice, as it were the voice of God! No one dwelleth here. The fisher moors his skiff, and seeks his home in the cheerful village.

8. And we also must go away to our evening rest. But the spirit of God will still move on the face of the deep. And in the stillness of the night we may wake and listen to the waves, as they break and dash upon the distant beach.

9. Let us not go away unimpressed with the wisdom

and goodness of God. The sea obeys his will; but it is unconscious of its obedience. Let us also obey him; not as the passive sea, but with the active intelligence of living spirits, to whom he has given his written and perfect law.

LXXIII. LESSON SEVENTY-THIRD.—*The little Lord and the Farmer.*

1. A LITTLE lord, engaged in play,
Carelessly threw his ball away;
So far beyond the brook it flew,
His lordship knew not what to do.

2. It chanced there passed a farmer's boy,
Whistling a tune in childish joy;
His frock was patched, and his hat was old,
But the farmer's heart was very bold.

3. "You little chap! pick up my ball!"
His saucy lordship loud did call—
He thought it useless to be polite
To one whose clothes were in such a plight.

4. "Do it yourself, for want of me,"
The boy replied right manfully;
Then quietly he passed along,
Whistling aloud his fav'rite song.

5. His little lordship furious grew—
For he was proud and hasty too.
"I'll break your bones!" he rudely cries,
While fire was flashing from his eyes.

6. And heedless quite what steps he took,
He tumbled plump into the brook;
And as he fell, he dropped his bat,
And next he lost his beaver hat.

7. "Come, help me out!" enraged he cried—
But the sturdy farmer thus replied:
"Alter your tone, my little man,
And then I'll help you all I can—

8. "There are few things I would not dare
For gentlemen, who speak me fair;
But for rude words I do not choose
To tire my feet and wet my shoes."

9. "Please help me," then his lordship said;
"I'm sorry I was so ill-bred."
"'Tis all forgot," replied the boy,
And gave his hand with honest joy.

10. The proffered aid his lordship took,
And soon came safely from the brook;
His looks were downcast and aside,
For he felt ashamed of his silly pride.

11. The farmer brought his ball and bat,
And wiped the wet from his drowning hat;
And he mildly said, as he went away,
"Remember the lesson you've learned to-day.

12. "Be kind to all you chance to meet,
In field, or lane, or crowded street;
Anger and pride are both unwise—
Vinegar never catches flies."

LXXIV. Lesson Seventy-fourth.—*Health better than Riches.*

1. Little Martin was a poor boy who gained his living by going on errands. One day, as he was returning from a village very far from his own, he found himself much fatigued: and, sitting down at the door of the little inn, he procured a small glass of beer and a piece of bread.

2. While he was taking this humble refreshment, a young gentleman and his tutor stopped in a carriage at the door of the inn. They were elegantly dressed, and followed by servants on horseback.

3. The innkeeper immediately came to the door, and asked if the travellers would do him the honor of alighting? This, however, they declined; and, without getting out of the carriage, they regaled themselves on part of a cold fowl and some wine and water, which were brought to them in an instant.

4. Martin, having now finished his little repast, fixed his eyes upon them with much attention, and looked as if he would say, "Those gentlemen are making a very good dinner, and I have had a very *bad one.*"

5. The tutor, having accidentally cast his eyes upon

little Martin, guessed his thoughts, and said to his pupil, "Look how that little boy's eyes are fixed upon us. I imagine that he says within himself, 'I wish I were in that young gentleman's place.'"

6. "Well," said the youth, who, though extremely unwell, was of a gay temper, "let us make the proposition, for a moment, of changing places with me."

7. The tutor immediately beckoned Martin to the carriage, and said to him, "Seeing how attentively you look at this young gentleman, it appears to me, my little friend, that you would like to be in his place. Will you change with him?"

8. "Ah, sir," replied Martin, "you are in jest: but, if the young gentleman be willing, it shall soon be done. Ah, ha! what a gainer I shall be by my journey! Our neighbors will be confounded, when they see me return home this evening in a fine carriage!"

9. "I take you at your word," said the young gentleman; "I am going to resign to you my carriage and my horses. And I engage to give you every thing that you have not; provided that you, on the other hand, give me every thing that you have, and that I want."

10. Martin having agreed to these conditions, the young traveller called his servants, and desired them to assist him in getting out of his carriage.

11. Alas, what a sight! The legs of the amiable invalid were completely crooked, and incapable of supporting him. He was therefore obliged to be held by the servants till crutches were brought, on which he propped himself.

12. "Now," said he to little Martin, "have you still an inclination to change with me?"

13. "O dear, no, sir! I have no such wish," cried *Martin, retreating from one who no longer excited his envy; "no, I do not wish to change. The health which I enjoy,* and the use of my limbs, are of more

value than any thing you can give me. I had rather eat my dry bread, and not want anybody to help me to walk; and I had rather be without poultry and wine, than be carried like an image. Good afternoon, sir," added he, and immediately ran homeward.

14. "You are right," cried the young gentleman; "if you could only give me your legs, I would cheerfully strip myself of all that I possess in the world, to give you in return."

15. So true it is, that a poor person, with a good constitution, and well made, enjoys more true happiness than the most wealthy individual, who is a stranger to the blessings of health and strength. It must, therefore, be acknowledged that health is preferable to riches.

LXXV. Lesson Seventy-fifth.—*Stories of Animals.*

1. I think you will be amused by two stories which I read not long since. Some young camels were travelling with an army in India, when they had occasion to cross a river in a flat-bottomed boat; the camels were quite unused to this, and they could neither be driven into the boat, nor coaxed to go of their own accord.

2. As nothing could persuade them to do what was wanted, one of the *mohouts*, or elephant keepers, called to his elephant, and made him understand that he was to drive the camels in.

3. Immediately the animal, who seems to have been observing all that had passed, put on a furious look, made a terrible snorting with his trunk, shook *his ears,* roared, struck the ground to the right and *left, and* blew the dust in clouds towards them; the *camels* quite forgot their fear of getting into the

boat, through their much greater fear of the elephant; they bolted in, without a moment's delay; and the elephant, becoming in an instant calm and sedate, coolly walked back to his usual station.

4. The other story is of an elephant, which belonged to a collection of beasts at Exeter 'Change, in London. This animal had been used to pick up a piece of coin, thrown within its reach for the purpose, with the pointed piece of flesh at the end of his trunk, which is not very unlike a finger in shape, and often answers the purpose of one to him.

5. On one occasion, a sixpence was thrown down to him, which happened to roll a little out of his reach, and not far from the wall: being desired to pick it up, he stretched out his trunk several times to reach it, but finding this was impossible, he stood quite still, considering, as it seemed, what to do.

6. He then stretched out his long proboscis—you know that his trunk is called by this name—well, he stretched out this proboscis in a straight line as far as he could, at a little distance above the sixpence as it lay flat on the ground; then he blew with great force against the wall; the air from his trunk, meeting with the wall in its course, rushed back in a slanting line, and raising the coin, drove it towards the elephant; it seems by the account, that he blew in this way several times, till at last the sixpence got close enough for him to pick it up as usual.

7. This, I think, is one of the most curious stories I ever met with, of an elephant's sagacity. Sagacity means quickness of understanding in an animal without reason, and clever contrivance in difficulty.

8. There was a story of a cow and some sheep, in the same account of animals, not less curious in its way. *It is told* by Major Hamilton Smith, a gentleman, *who has* made it his business to attend to the habits and manners of animals, and who has ma

beautiful drawings of many of them which he has seen in different countries.

9. This Major Smith was walking with a friend on a hill near Coventry, in Warwickshire, England, and they observed several sheep, standing with steadfast looks, round the head of a cow which was grazing; the eyes of the sheep were so fixed on the cow, and they seemed so much in earnest about something, that the two gentlemen were curious to know what they could possibly want.

10. Just as they came close to the animals, the cow raised her head, and the sheep moved away from before her, as the gentleman supposed, to get out of their way; but the cow walked on till she came to a poor ewe, so large, and so heavy, that having fallen upon its back, there it lay, unable to get again on its feet without help.

11. The cow placed the tip of her horns close under the ewe's side, and gave a slight toss, just sufficient to enable the poor beast to get on her feet; meantime the other sheep had gone away to nibble the grass as usual, and the cow having quite understood what they wanted, and having performed the kind office requested of her in the cleverest and gentlest manner possible, walked away also.

12. The elephant tried a method to get his sixpence towards him, that would perhaps only have occurred to an ingenious man; and the cow behaved just as a good natured human being would have done in the same circumstances—she gave up her own pleasant occupation to be of service to a creature in distress.

13. It seems as if we never could say how far the sagacity of brutes may go; it baffles the intelligence *of man to* tell exactly where it stops.

14. Instinct, which is the good sense of brutes, is *very different*, nevertheless, from intellect, which is the sense of human beings.

15. Instinct teaches an irrational being—that is, a creature without reason—all that is necessary for his preservation or advantage; but it never teaches one irrational being to learn or to improve, from the wisdom or contrivances of another.

16. The great gift that God has bestowed upon man, reason, alone can teach us this; reason can teach us to imitate the sagacious elephant, in the patient use of the best means we can think of, to serve either ourselves or others; and reason can teach us a noble lesson against selfishness, even from the example of a dumb cow as it grazes in the field.

LXXVI. Lesson Seventy-sixth.—*The Farm.*

1. Bright glows the east with blushing red,
While yet upon their wholesome bed,
The sleeping lab'rers rest;
And the pale moon and silver star,
Grow paler still, and wand'ring far,
Sink slowly to the west.

2. And see, behind the sloping hill,
The morning clouds grow brighter still,
And all the shades retire;
Slowly the sun, with golden ray,
Breaks forth above th' horizon gray,
And gilds the distant spire.

3. And now, at nature's cheerful voice,
The hills, and vales, and woods rejoice,
The lark ascends the skies;
And soon the cock's shrill notes alarm
The sleeping people at the farm,
And bid them all arise.

4. Then to the dairy's cool retreat,
The busy maids together meet:
The careful mistress sees,
Some tend with skilful hand the churns,
Where the thick cream to butter turns,
And some the curdling cheese.

5. And now comes Thomas from the house,
With well known cry to call the cows,
Still sleeping on the plain;
They, quickly rising one and all,
Obedient to the daily call,
Wind slowly through the lane.

6. And see the rosy milkmaid now,
Seated beside the horned cow,
With milking stool and pail;
The patient cow with dappled hide,
Stands still, unless to lash her side
With her long bushy tail.

7. And then the poultry (Mary's charge)
Must all be fed, and let at large,
To roam about again;
Wide open swings the great barn door,
And out the hungry creatures pour,
To pick the scatter'd grain.

8. Forth plodding to the heavy plough,
The sunburnt lab'rer hastens now,
To guide with skilful arm;
Thus all is industry around,
No idle hand is ever found
Within the busy farm.

LXXVII. Lesson Seventy-seventh.—*The Guide-post.*

1. The night was dark, the sun was hid
Beneath the mountain gray;
And not a single star appear'd,
To shoot a silver ray.

2. Across the heath the owlet flew,
And scream'd along the blast,
And onward, with a quicken'd step,
Benighted Henry past.

3. At intervals, amid the gloom
A flash of light'ning play'd,
And show'd the ruts with water fill'd,
And the black hedge's shade.

4. Again, in thickest darkness plung'd,
He grop'd his way to find;
And now he thought he spied beyond
A form of horrid kind.

5. In deadly white it upward rose,
Of cloak or mantle bare,
And held its naked arms across,
To catch him by the hair.

6. Poor Henry felt his blood run cold
At what before him stood;
But well, thought he, no harm, I'm sure,
Can happen to the good.

7. So calling all his courage up,
He to the goblin went;
And eager through the dismal gloom
His piercing eyes he bent.

8. And when he came well nigh the ghost
That gave him such affright,
He clapt his hands upon his side,
And loudly laugh'd outright.

9. For 'twas a friendly guide-post stood,
His wand'ring steps to guide;
And thus he found that to the good
No evil should betide.

10. And well, thought he, one thing I've learnt,
Nor soon shall I forget,
Whatever frightens me again,
To march straight up to it.

11. And when I hear an idle tale
Of goblins and a ghost,
I'll tell of this, my lonely walk,
And the tall white guide-post.

LXXVIII. Lesson Seventy-eighth.—*The Flatterer.*

1. There are a great many fables about foxes. A fox is a little animal, hardly so big as a middle-sized dog. He lives in the woods, and is seldom tamed. He is very fond of fowls and geese, and steals them, whenever he can, for his dinner.

2. The farmers therefore are his great enemies; for they do not like, when they have been at the trouble and expense of breeding the poultry, that the fox should come and eat them up. The fox, however, is a cunning little fellow; he is full of stratagems and wiles; and when we speak of any body that is very sly, it is usual to say, he is as cunning as a fox.

3. *A fox,* as Esop says, happened to be very hungry. He was walking along quite serious, for people are not to be serious when they are hungry. He sp

a raven perched in a tree, with a delicate cheese in his beak. I suppose this cheese must have been about the size of an apple; I believe they make such in some countries.

4. The fox thought with himself, "I dare say that is a very nice cheese; I wish I could taste it." But what could he do? The raven sat upon a high branch; the fox did not know how to climb to him. If the raven would consent to fight for the cheese, the fox, perhaps, could have beaten him. But, suppose the raven had been upon the ground, he had fine large wings, and could have flown away with the cheese.

5. While the fox was thinking thus, he fixed his eyes on the raven. "What a beautiful bird you are!" says he. "I never saw any thing so glossy as your shining black feathers. What a twist you have with your neck! And what a noble beak! I dare say it holds that cheese as tight as if it were a pair of pincers. Do you know that I think you the finest bird I ever saw; and, if your singing is but equal to the manner in which you hold yourself, the nightingale must be nothing to you."

6. Now you must know that the only noise a raven can make, is as frightful a scream as you ever heard. Whenever he begins, I am always disposed to put my fingers to my ears. But this silly bird was delighted with the fine speeches of the fox; he knew that his feathers were as black, as the cunning creature said, and that he had a good handsome beak of his own; and he began to think, that perhaps he might be a fine singer too.

7. So he tuned his pipes to try: the cheese dropped out of his beak; this, was all the fox wanted; he caught it up, and ran away with it, and left the raven to sing to the crows.

8. Foxes are never taught what is good, and what *is naughty.* But, if I were a little boy or a little girl

I would rather go without cheese all the days of m life, than gain it by such cheating and wicked speeche as this fox is said to have made.

LXXIX. Lesson Seventy-ninth.—*Hymn.*

1. Who taught the bees, when first they take
Their flight through flow'ry fields in spring,
To mark their hives, and straight to make
Their sure return, sweet stores to bring?

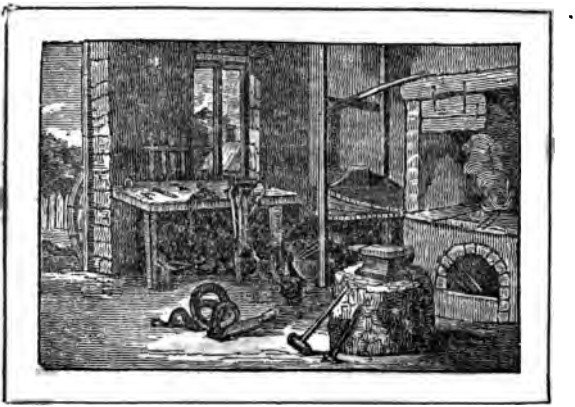
2. Who taught the ant to bite the grains
Of wheat, which, for her winter store,
She bu[illegible]es, with unwearied pains,
So careful that they grow no more?

3. Who taught the beavers to contrive
Their huts, on banks so wisely plann'd,
That in the winter they can dive,
And shun their foes, from thence by land?

4. Who taught the spider's curious art,
Stretching from twig to twig her line,
Strength'ning her web in every part,
Sure and exact in her design?

5 Who taught the swallows when to take
Their flight before chill winter comes?
The wren her curious nest to make?
The wand'ring rooks to find their homes?

6. The God whose work all nature is:
Whose wisdom guides the vast design,
Man sees but part; but what he sees
Tells him this wisdom is divine.



LXXX. Lesson Eightieth.—*The Viper and the File.*

1. A viper having entered a smith's shop, looked up and down for something to eat; when, casting his eye upon a file, he greedily seized upon it, and fell to gnawing it with his teeth.

2. After he had spent some time in his attempts to devour it, the file told him very gruffly, that he had better be quiet and let him alone; for he would get very little by nibbling at one, who, upon occasion, could bite iron and steel.

3. This fable is intended to show us how foolish it is, for one person to make an attack on another, out of mere spite or envy. If we do so, the injury is sure to come back upon us with tenfold violence; because the innocent person, whom we attack, is pretty sure to repel us without receiving any injury, and at the *same time* to point out our bad motives; and thus *expose us to the* scorn and contempt of the world.

4. Whoever fails in a base and malignant attack upon his neighbor, comes out of the contest with as bad a grace as the viper did from his famous battle with the file.

LXXXI. Lesson Eighty-first.—*Tit for Tat.*

1. Tit for tat is a very bad word,
   As frequently people apply it;
   It means, as I've usually heard,
   They intend to revenge themselves by it.
There is but one place where its proper and pat,
And there I permit them to say "tit for tat."

2. Poor Dobbin, that toils with his load,
   Or gallops with master or man,
   Don't lash him so fast on the road,
   You see he does all that he can:
How long has he serv'd you! do recollect that,
And treat him with kindness; 'tis but "tit for tat."

3. Poor Brindle, that lashes her tail,
   And trudges home morning and night,
   'Till Dolly appears with her pail,
   To milk out the fluid so white;
Don't kick her poor haunches, or beat her, and that,
To be kind to poor Brindle is but "tit for tat."

4. There's honest old Tray in the yard,
   What courage and zeal has he shown;
   'Twould surely be cruelly hard
   Not to cast the poor fellow a bone.
How fiercely he barks at the robbers, and that,
I'm sure, then, to starve him, is not "tit for tat."

5. Poor Puss, that runs mewing about,
Her white body sweeping the ground;
The mother abus'd and kick'd out,
And her innocent little ones drown'd;
Whenever she catches the mischievous rat,
Be kind to poor pussy, 'tis but "tit for tat."

6. Whatever shows kindness to us,
With kindness we ought to repay;
Brindle, Donkey, Tray, Dobbin, and Puss,
And ev'ry thing else in its way;
In cases like these, it is proper and pat,
To make use of this maxim, and say, "tit for tat."

LXXXII. Lesson Eighty-second.—*The Wolf.*

1. I dare say you have never thought of a wolf, but as a creature so fierce that it could not be tamed: but I have been reading an account of this beast, written by a gentleman who says, that every one of the savage animals that feed on flesh may, by kind treatment, be made gentle to those who attend on them, and give them their food; and the wolf, for one, is so fond of its young, and so capable of attachment to a kind master, that it must have some good qualities after all.

2. I will tell you a story that will perhaps help you to remember some of the good that is known of these creatures.

3. A young wolf was taken, when he was not quite three months old, by a gentleman who had watched the old one leading her young ones out to drink, and who had contrived, by frightening her for their safety, *to get this one,* which had rambled a little from the *thers, while she* was collecting and endeavoring to *ide them.*

4. He brought it up fondly as if it had been a dog: the animal was handsome of its kind; being constantly well fed, it had not the gaunt and ravenous look that wolves have in their native forests, where food is scarce, and where there are many to scramble for it and meeting with nothing but caresses from every body, it never seemed to think of snapping at them.

5. At the least word from its master in a kind tone or the slightest pat of encouragement, it would press against him, turning all manner of ways as if to touch him better, and sending forth a soft cry, very different from the wild howl of its hungry brothers in the woods.

6. It followed its master everywhere, and when he happened to be away, it was easy to see that the wolf felt lonely and sad. At last, the gentleman was obliged to go on a journey, and therefore he made a present of his favorite to the menagerie at Paris.

7. This, you know, is a place where animals are kept and exhibited to strangers. Here, shut up in the compartment allotted to it, the animal remained for many weeks without showing the least gayety, and almost without eating.

8. But by degrees it recovered; and it seems to have been a creature which could not live without some one to love; for it attached itself to its keepers, and seemed to have forgotten all its past affections.

9. However, after being absent a whole year and a half, its old master returned, and went immediately to the menagerie. The wolf was faithful after all; for like a dog, it knew its master's voice even before it saw him, and it showed its joy by its quick movements and eager cries.

10. As soon as it was set at liberty, it rushed to*wards him* just as a favorite dog does when you re*turn to it* after a few days' absence, jumping up again *and again* so eagerly, that I dare say any one not

to see a wolf on such good terms with any human being, would have been frightened, lest it should tear the gentleman in pieces even from mere rudeness.

11. The creature continued as fond of its master as before, till a second time the gentleman set out on his travels, and again he left his friend, the wolf, at the menagerie.

12. This time he was absent three years: the poor wolf was, for some time, just as sad as before; but the keepers gave it a young dog for a companion, and the affectionate creature grew so fond of his little friend, that when the gentleman did return, these two animals were living very happily together.

13. It is said, that even dogs, in general, do not immediately recollect a person who has been so long as three years away from them; but the wolf had not in the least forgotten his old friend.

14. When the gentleman went to see him it was evening, all was shut up, and so the animal could not make use of his eyes for want of light; he could not see his dear master's face, but he well remembered the sound of a voice, that had always spoken in kindness to him: he started forward the moment he heard it; he answered by the most impatient cries; and when he was let out of the place where he had been kept, again and again uttering eager cries of joy, he rushed forward, placed his two fore-feet on the shoulders of his friend, licked every part of his face, and threatened, with his sharp teeth, his very keepers when they came near, although not long before he had shown them the greatest fondness.

15. This poor beast seems to have had the strongest feelings of joy and sorrow; and when again his master was obliged to leave him, he became sad, and would *not stir from one* place in his den; he would scarcely *ake a morsel of* food, even sometimes absolutely re-*sing any: his* hairs bristled up and his whole coa

became rough, as is usual with sick animals. At end of a week he was so altered, that he would have been known, by any one who had seen hi his happier days, and all who saw him suppose would soon die of grief.

16. But the story does not really end in this and as this is a true account, I will tell it to you as it happened.

17. After a time the wolf got better; he seem recover his strength, and his coat was once mo smooth and as shining as ever. Wolves are in ge such rough and meagre animals, that I suppose creature was much handsomer than any of his in consequence of his good living and kind usage M. Frederic Cuvier, who tells this story, speak his coat as actually brilliant, which, you know, mean very sleek and glossy when we speak of f

18. You have seen the fur of the sea-otter, and know how bright that looks, especially when the is shining on it. Well, our friend the wolf reco his fine coat, and his good looks, and even his ge ness to his keepers; but never again would he le person caress or fondle him; and to strangers he w show his teeth fiercely, as if to threaten them mischief, if they should attempt to pat, or in any show him kindness.

LXXXIII. Lesson Eighty-third.—*The Creat*

1. Father, who made all the beautiful flowers,
And the bright green shades of the summer bow
Is it the warm beaming sun that brings
The emerald leaves and the blossomings—
Flowers to the fields and the fruits to the tree
—*Not* the sun, my dear child, but one great
he!

2. Father, whose hand formed the blue tinted sky,
Its colored clouds and its radiancy?
What are those stars we view shining in air?
What power ever keeps them suspended there?
Was it man formed the skies and the glories we see?
—Not man, my dear child, but one greater than he!

3. Father, from whence came our own lovely land,
With its rivers and seas, and its mountains so grand;
Its tall frowning rocks and its shell-spangled shore?
Were these not the work of some people of yore!—
Owe these not their birth to man's own good decree?
—Not to man, my dear child, but one greater than he!

4. From God came the trees, and the flowers, and the earth—
To God do the mountains and seas owe their birth;
His glory alone, love, created on high,
The sun, moon, and stars, and the beautiful sky:
It was He formed the land, and no people of yore.
—Bend thy knee, my sweet child, and that God now adore!

LXXXIV. Lesson Eighty-fourth.—*The Child's Prayer.*

1. O God! I am a little child
Who fain to thee would pray,
But am so mazed in folly's wild,
I know not what to say.

2. O teach my light and erring tongue
To render thanks to thee;
And mould my simple heart, while young,
To deep humility.

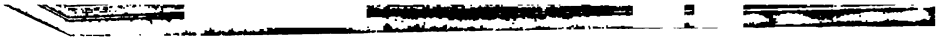
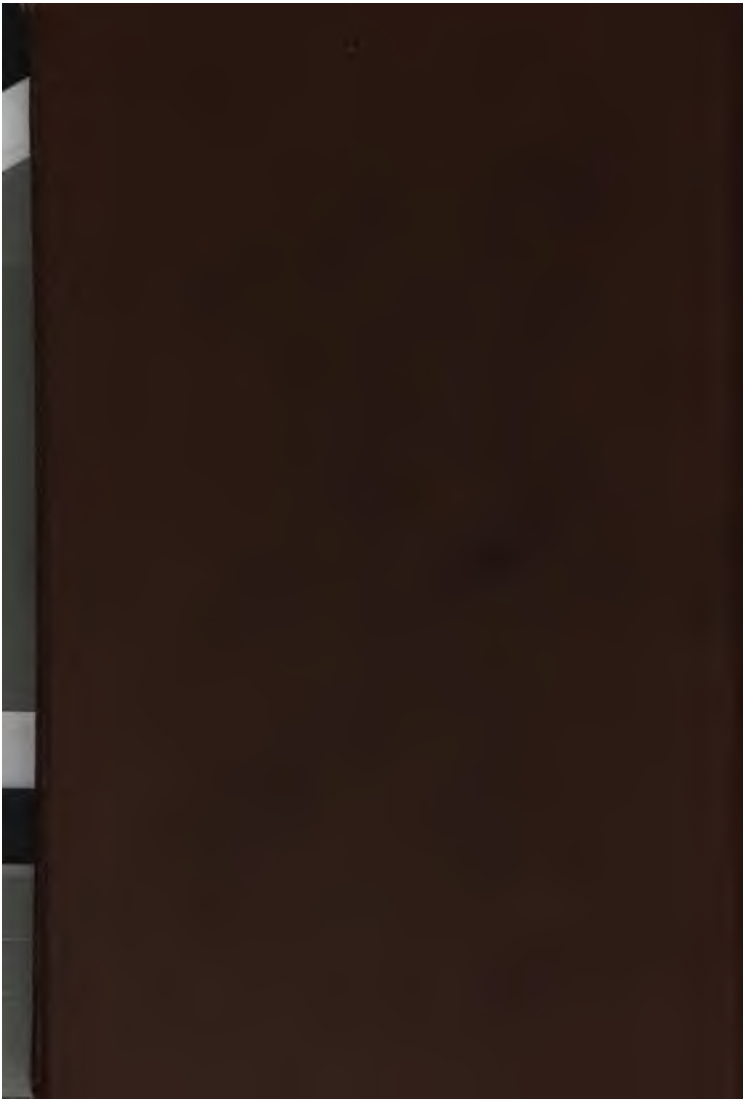
3. For thou hast made me what I am,
With brightest hopes before,
And put a reasoning soul within,
To live for evermore.

4. That thou art kind, and great, and good,
I joyfully believe;
But, oh! thy boundless love to man,
My mind cannot conceive.

5. That thou shouldst send thine only Son
From regions of the sky,
For this whole sinful race of mine
A dreadful death to die,

6. I cannot grasp. But teach me, Lord,
With grateful heart to bow;
And be that reverenced and adored,
Which none conceives but thou.

THE END.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